S. Wale del. J. Taylor sculp.

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FLIGHTS TO HELICON:

OR,

PETITES PIECES,

IN VERSE.

By G. P. TOUSEY.

Nugæque Canoræ. — HOR.
Chiming Trifles. — ROSCOMMON.

LONDON:

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MDCC LXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable

MARTHA,

LADY DOWAGER CHEDWORTH.

QUITE unacquainted with an Author's art,
How in the letter'd world to play my part;
My ſportive flights to Helicon, now o'er,
Divine Apollo! ſuppliant I implore.

" FA-

" FATHER of Verſe, who can'ſt alone inſpire,
" And warm thy Votaries with poetic fire;
" Thou who the juſt reward of Wit beſtows,
" And twin'ſt the laurel round the Poet's brows;
" Inſtruct a youthful Bard, what courſe to ſteer,
" To keep from Critic Rocks, and Quickſands
" clear."
Thus Phœbus—" if thy purpoſe ſtill remains,
" To venture publicly thy artleſs ſtrains;
" Obtain the patronage of one, whoſe name
" Will on thy hopes of favour ſtamp a claim;
" In pure reſpect the Town will ſpare thy lays,
" And ceaſe to cenſure, tho' they may not
" praiſe."

REVOLVING in my Mind, how very few
There were, to whom ſuch reverence was due;
How rare among the Great, it was to find,
A ſoul to ſerve the Sciences inclin'd;
When Truth, ſweet Maid, before my Eyes ap-
pear'd,
And thus with graceful ſmiles her ſpeech pre-
ferr'd.

" To

" To ſpare thy ſearch, behold me here, O
" youth!
" Attend and liſten to the words of Truth;
" Beneath the ſhelter of a Chedworth's ſmile,
" Succeſs will wait upon, and crown thy toil;
" But above all, avoid with niceſt care,
" That Flattery's rude voice reach not her ear;
" Howe'er fair Folly may the bubble prize,
" She views the ſpecious bait, with Reaſon's
" eyes;
" For tho' with Juſtice worth like hers, demands
" The loudeſt praiſe from all, but chief, thy
" hands;
" And tho' to Heaven from numbers pray'rs
" ariſe,
" And waft her generous bounty to the ſkies;
" The world's applauding voice, ſhe not regards,
" But finds in Virtue, its own beſt rewards."

CHARM'D with her Choice, my humble thanks
I paid,
And gladly liſten to the white-rob'd Maid;
Guided by no low, mean, or ſordid views,
The Muſe her friendly Counſel now purſues;

For favours paſt this grateful tribute pays,
And here to Chedworth dedicates her lays;
If you theſe trifles, Madam, ſhould approve,
Theſe children ſprung from Idleneſs and Love;
Warm'd by your ſmiles, who knows but I in time,
May better learn to tread the paths of Rhime.

I am, MADAM,

with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Ladyſhip's much obliged,

Humble Servant,

Bentinck-ſtreet, Soho,
Dec. 1, 1767.

GEO. PHIL. TOUSEY.

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TO THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

FLIGHTS TO HELICON.

FLIGHTS to the Heliconian ſtream!
Mercy upon us! What a name!
Enough to fright poor walking folks;
Then pray, good Sir, forbear your jokes,
And kindly tell us what you mean,
By flying to this Grecian ſcene;
To gain a title to your book,
When a meer babbling Britiſh brook,
Might ſerve your purpoſe full as well,
Since Britain now doth Greece excel,
In ev'ry great and glorious art,
Where ſenſe and ſcience bear a part.

POPE, mighty Pope, upon the Thames,
Cou'd wooe the ſong-inſpiring dames:
And plaintive Shenſtone, on the ſide
Of rapid Severn (Salop's pride!)
Obtain'd the favours of the Nine,
Commerce enchantingly divine!
But ſhould a river roll too ſtrong,
For the ſoft current of your ſong;
Suppoſe to Wales you took your flight,
Where brooks unnumber'd glad the ſight;
Purling adown the ſteepy mountains,
From the pure ſource of chryſtal fountains;
Sparkling as the Caſtalian ſtream,
When brightened by the ſolar beam;
There too the wildneſs of the place,
Might to your warbles add a grace;
While the loud bleating of the flocks,
The horror of impending rocks;
And rolling ſurges of the ſea
(Meet ſubjects for deſcriptive lay)
Spontaneous ſent your Muſe to town,
To reap the harveſt of renown;

What

What ſays our Heliconian bird;
Appears the project quite abſurd?

AUTHOR.

OH yes!—For there, unknown to fame,
Thoſe brooks want all—they want a name!
'Tis true we find, in ancient lore,
That bards once breath'd on Cambria's ſhore;
Who ſung of wars, and heroes ſlain,
In lofty Epic ſounding ſtrain;
Such Talyeſen, tuneful ſire!—
But now neglected lies his lyre;
Thoſe genial fires all deſtroy'd—

FRIEND.

PEACE, prating bird! haſt not heard Lloyd,
Chaunting the praiſes of the pen;
And rallying tabernacle men?

AUTHOR.

SWEET monitreſs, I have; what then?

FRIEND.

WHY he among theſe hills was born—

AUTHOR.

THEN Cambria is no more my ſcorn;
And henceforth ſhou'd I, on a time,
Fierce break out in a blaze of rhime;
No more the brain-begotten bratt,
Shall ſet the world a ſtaring at,
Its impudent pretence to wings,
And all ſuch like unchriſtian things;
But meekly make its court to fame,
In walks to Winifreda's ſtream.

Denbighſhire. E. E.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

FRIEND.

YET ſtop, raſh youth, what madneſs can engage,
A ſtrippling Bard, in this unfriendly age;
To riſk his firſt Eſſays upon the town,
And dare the fury of the Critics frown;
When bards of every requiſite poſſeſt,
With ſenſe, with force and fire, with judgment bleſt;
Have been compell'd before their power to yield;
Say, how canſt thou expect to keep the field?
Whether thy motive, profit be or pride,
Believe a friend, and lay the ſcheme aſide.

AUTHOR.

Your council, my good Sir, come's rather late,
My reſolution's fix'd, and firm as fate;
Not all the dangers you have ſet to view,
Shall make me ceaſe my purpoſe to purſue;
Not over-anxious for the bubble, fame,
Not with one hope to eternize my name;
Scorning each mean, each ſordid view of gain,
And flattery's ſmooth and adulating ſtrain,
Of party rage, and prejudice devoid,
Ne'er has my pen 'gainſt virtue been employ'd;
Let thoſe whom intereſt or ambition ſway,
Shame to the Muſes, proſtitute their lay;
In borrow'd beauties decorate proud vice,
And deaf to honour, for the paltry price;
Or of a dinner, or a great man's ſmile,
Still rack their brain, and labour, ſweat and toil;
And when in every borrow'd good array'd,
Bow to the puppet they themſelves have made;
Know, I am guided by far nobler ends,
I write, to pleaſe myſelf—and pleaſe my friends.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

GRANTING all this, and that your happier ſtars,
Have freed you from thoſe ills, thoſe dreadful cares
The needy Bard ſuſtains, who ſeldom meets
The ſmiles of fortune, or fair plenty's ſweets;
What tho' ambition's gay, and glittering ray,
May ne'er have tempted you from truth's ſtrict way;
Nor hopes of fame, altho' of that I doubt,
For where's the Bard can ſay he is without;
And that to pleaſe your friends you chiefly aim,
How are you certain to obtain the ſame.

AUTHOR.

OFT have my artleſs lays their favour found,
And with their friendly ſmiles been frequent crown'd;
Grateful, I own th' indulgence I have met,
And hope th' ſame I ſhall experience yet;
On that I build my hopes, on that rely,
Convinc'd that they will little faults paſs by;
And if perchance they here and there ſhou'd find,
A glimpſe of merit will for that prove kind.

FRIEND.

ALLOWING you their approbation gain,
I yet cou'd wiſh from ſcribbling you'd refrain;
For tell me, pray, Whoever knew a Bard,
To honour, titles, or to wealth preferr'd?

AUTHOR.

GRAVE ones and ſouls of feeling quite devoid,
Whoſe every thought on gain is ſtill employ'd;
With ſharp rebuke, my love of verſe may chide,
And point out intereſt as the ſureſt guide,
For youth and age, alike the beſt to follow,
More great, more rich, and wiſer than Apollo;
Give o'er this folly, ſearch for wealth they cry,
What is there wealth, if willing, cannot buy?
If fame is thy purſuit, let fortune ſmile,
The prize is thine, without thy care or toil;
The Muſes ſhall themſelves to thee ſubmit,
And thou by all be deem'd the ſoul of wit;
Thus worldlings talk, and let them talk for me,
Thank heaven I from ſuch ſordid views am free;
Whether in private, or in crouds I join,
I think, dream, talk, and live but by the Nine;

In

In vain you may to other ſcenes invite,
I, in the Muſes, only find delight.

FRIEND.

INFATUATION ſtrange,—ſay, Whence aroſe
This love of verſe, which in your boſom glows;
And ſeems ſo very difficult to move;

AUTHOR.

WHENCE did it firſt proceed? from powerful love;
Love bade me write, and urg'd his ſoft command;
Glad I obey'd, and took my pen in hand;
Love did my unexperienc'd judgment guide,
And kindly every requiſite ſupply'd;
A Sacchariſſa, Waller's breaſt inſpir'd,
My artleſs Muſe fair P— virtues fir'd;
I ſtrove my ardent paſſion to rehearſe,
My fond complaints, all flow'd in plaintive verſe;
In verſe I ſigh'd, and ever ſince that time,
Do what I can my thoughts run into rhime;
Its magic charms have ſo bewitch'd my heart,
That death alone can ever make them part.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

I see 'tis vain endeavouring to controul,
What ſeems ſo firmly grafted with the ſoul.
But yet a circumſtance remains untold,
Will ſhake your reſolution now ſo bold;
That at a ſtroke your ſanguine hopes will daſh,
Your works muſt feel the mighty monthly's laſh;
By them be criticiz'd, expos'd, and you
Proclaim'd a blockhead in their next Review.

AUTHOR.

With all my heart, unmov'd I ſcorn their rage,
I know they'll quibble on my Title Page;
With quaint expreſſion tell me to give o'er,
And take my Flights to Helicon no more;
Till time which judgment, and more knowledge brings,
Has better fledg'd my unexperienc'd wings;
I value not, in me it will not cauſe
One pang, tho' I ſhou'd miſs of their applauſe;
Their harſh decrees and cenſure, I forgive,
'Tis their ſupport, and let them rail, and live.

NEW

NEW ART OF LOVE.

PART I.

CRITICS may cenſure, and the fair may frown,
It matters not—truth ſometimes ſhou'd be known;
He whom experience has render'd wiſe,
Can tell the beſt where ſecret danger lies;
'Tis his th' unguarded, and the weak to guide,
And point the methods out himſelf has try'd;

Teach

Teach the fond youth th' impending ſnare to ſhun,
Ere yet his raſhneſs has his hopes undone.

AWAY with all the ſophiſtry of ſchools,
The pedants jargon, and the cant of fools;
Let learning to the weak her laws diſpenſe,
Who liſten only thro' the want of ſenſe.
Let grave morality her maxims keep,
And lull her gaping audience faſt aſleep;
I mount no pulpit, to no praiſe pretend,
Nor as a poet write, but as a friend;
A friend to all, but chief ye love-ſick few,
My admonitions I intend for you.

Too oft it happens that unguarded youth,
Build all their hopes of bliſs on female truth;
And fondly fancy, falſhood and deceit,
In one fair form united ne'er can meet;
Alas! it frequent much too frequent proves
He's leaſt ſucceſsful, who ſincereſt loves;
The Muſe a ſad example will relate,
Of one who merited a better fate;
Who fell a victim to a woman's pride,
Bleſt his hard bonds, and uncomplaining dy'd.

ON the green ſummit of Arcadia's vale,
Where Zephyrs wanton in each ſportive gale;
And ſpring in vivid verdure ever reigns,
Alexis liv'd, belov'd of all the ſwains;
Juſt twenty ſummers had the ſhepherd ſeen,
And all his days paſs'd tranquil and ſerene;
With the high ſoaring lark each morn he roſe,
While calm content ſat ſmiling on his brows;
His wiſhes few, he every wiſh enjoy'd,
Till one ſad moment all his peace deſtroy'd.

THE ſun was now to Thetis' lap gone down,
And evening ſlow advanc'd in mantle brown;
The bleating herds at reſt throughout the grove,
No ſound was heard, but melody and love;
From the next village, tripping o'er the green,
Came fair Maria! of enchanting mien;
Maria's charms each ſwain enraptur'd ſung,
Maria's praiſes dwelt on every tongue.
The youth admiring ſaw her power confeſt,
Quick roſe the ſoft ſenſation in his breaſt;
And as ſhe to his humble cot drew near,
To meet her flew, and thus addreſt the fair.

O THOU

O THOU in whom at once united ſhine,
All that is perfect, graceful and divine;
In that ſoft breaſt let gentle pity riſe,
And mercy beam forth from thoſe ſparkling eyes;
See at your feet a youth who never knew,
Love's powerful influence, until heaven ſent you;
O ſmile propitious dear angelic maid,
And be my ſuit with kind regard repay'd.

THE fair deceiver with ſuch ſweetneſs ſmil'd,
As all his fond anxiety beguil'd;
Mutual their paſſions ſeem'd, and thro' the plain
Each nymph Maria envy'd,—Him each ſwain:
Now round its annual orb the ſun had ran,
Since their fond intercourſe had firſt began;
When thus Alexis earneſtly addreſt,
The fickle fair one who his love poſſeſt.

DEAR maid whom more than life itſelf I prize,
In whom is center'd all my future joys;
No longer now the promis'd bliſs retard,
But ſmile indulgent, and my truth reward;

Let

Let us this day in Hymen's bands unite,
So ſhall our hours be crown'd with ſweet delight.

BUT mark th' inconſtancy of female minds,
From them how ſeldom merit favour finds;
Unuſual frowns her features now aſſum'd,
And ſcorn deform'd that face where beauty bloom'd.
Deaf to his plaints, ſhe all his pray'rs rejects,
Laughs at his ſufferings, and her vows neglects.

ALL, all but this, he cry'd, my ſoul cou'd bear,
But, Oh! this cruel trial's too ſevere;
It had been gen'rous, if when firſt I ſtrove,
In fair Maria's breaſt to waken love;
It had been generous, and had given leſs pain,
To have told me then my wiſhes were in vain.

ANOTHER youth your fond eſteem poſſeſt,
And that I ne'er muſt think to be thus bleſt;
Tho' hard the taſk had been, I yet had try'd,
To check my flame, and caſt all hopes aſide;
Envy'd my happy rival, and deplor'd
My own ſad fate, and ſilently ador'd.

IN

In vain he pleaded, all in vain he mourn'd,
The nymph thus ſpeaking as ſhe from him turn'd;
Shepherd adieu, forget your ill-plac'd love,
See, Damon waits me in yon myrtle grove.
Pale, ſilent, motionleſs awhile he ſtood,
Grief ſtopt the powers of ſpeech, and chill'd his blood;
Amazement, phrenzy, fir'd his maddening thought,
Then, ſwift as air the neighbouring wood he ſought;
Within whoſe dark receſs next morn was found,
Alexis, breathleſs, bleeding on the ground;
And on the ſpreading beach, with flattering hand,
Theſe lines appear'd, which ſtill recorded ſtand;
From fair Maria's cruelty I feel,
More painful wounds, than from the poignant ſteel;
That ends my ſorrows, and the friendly grave,
Relieve a ſwain, whom ſhe refus'd to ſave.

Theſe

THESE are the ſad effects of female pow'r,
Which men are doom'd for ever to endure;
Muſt ever bear, unleſs that now, with me
They riſe, and nobly ſtrive for victory.
Contemn their arts, their ſmiles and frowns diſdain,
And burſt aſunder th' inglorious chain.

IT is not virtue which their hearts will win,
They laugh at that, and make a jeſt of ſin.
A man of merit, frequent they forſake,
And in his place careſs ſome batter'd rake;
On tinſell'd fops, and tawdry Coxcombs doat,
Nay die with tranſport at a Scarlet Coat.
What numerous conqueſts are there daily made,
By brilliant Shoulder Knots, and ſmart Cockade!
'Tis here their judgment lies, Theſe, they prefer,
And who dare's ſay, that Ladies ever err?

TO win a fair one, various are the ways,
Some think the ſureſt to cajole and praiſe;
That if the bait with flattery they gild,
'Tis then reſiſtleſs, and the nymph muſt yield;
Tho' not infallible, this oft is done,
With great ſucceſs, and many a fair has won.

But then, to flatter well great ſkill requires,
For fulſome compliment diſtguſt inſpires;
Since if not paid with judgment, and with eaſe,
They miſs the intent, and very oft diſpleaſe.

SEEK ye to know, ye youths attention lend,
The rules I teach are from experience penn'd.
The firſt chief requiſite is Confidence,
Which well ſupplies the place of wit, or ſenſe;
Bear all their ſcorn unmov'd, and be not daſh'd,
Kneel, cringe and ſigh, and never be abaſh'd.
A Lady's bluſhes always kindly ſpare,
And take ſmall freedoms, with a careleſs air.
Laugh when ſhe frowns, look grave when ſhe is free,
There's nothing charms them like variety.
In company be ſure to ſoothe her pride,
But when in private, throw all form aſide;
The ſtricteſt honour, watch not always keeps,
And the moſt rigid virtue ſometimes ſleeps.
A ſkilful Lover, knows this time to chuſe,
For there are times the fair will nought refuſe;
Which, if he fooliſhly lets once paſs o'er,
Th' opportunity returns no more.

BUT above all, if you a Nymph wou'd gain,
Be ſure you ne'er acquaint her with your pain.
Pope ſays each Lady in her heart's a rake,
And give them power they likewiſe tyrants make;
With gay indifference your charmer treat,
Seem pleas'd, but ſhew no tranſports when ye meet;
Nor when ye part, uneaſineſs diſcover,
Still ever careful to conceal the Lover;
Believe me under the diſguiſe of friend,
You ſtand moſt chance to quickly gain your end.

THE methods follow which I here have taught,
Till in the ſnare her little heart is caught.
Mark with what care her paſſions then ſhe'll hide,
Obſerve the ſtruggle between love and pride;
While as to check the tender flame ſhe tries,
'Tis plainly told us by her tell-tale eyes:
The more ſhe ſtrives the ſecret to conceal,
The more her actions do the truth reveal.

YET there are fair ones,—many I could name,
That foremoſt ſtand upon the liſt of fame;
Who ſcorn deceit, nor ſtudy to perplex,
But ſhine ſuperior above their ſex.

Whoſe minds with virtue fraught are ever free,
From Affectation, Pride, and Levity.
Such are fair P****'s, who inſpir'd my lays,
And K****, H****, H**** claim this praiſe.
And let each youth to Hymen's bands inclin'd,
A mate like theſe or A****, ſeek to find.
Such excellence indeed is grown ſo ſcarce,
That marriage now is treated as a farce;
A farce, where happineſs ſeems ſo uncertain,
Few rarely wiſh themſelves to act a part in.

But yet, cou'd man but gueſs what tranſport flows,
From that bright ſource where mutual paſſion glows;
No more they'd wedlock's bliſsful chains refuſe,
But every ſwain a faithful partner chuſe;
Then virtuous Love again wou'd rear its head,
Nor guilty joys prophane the genial bed;
Virtue wou'd flouriſh, Vice wou'd ſoon decay,
And Pleaſure crown each Night, and Peace each Day.

End of PART I.

NEW

NEW ART OF LOVE.

PART II.

YES, 'tis reſolv'd, the world no more ſhall ſay,
Blind to my ſex's faults I tune my lay;
At little female foibles loudly rail,
And man's grand vices partially conceal.

COME Candour, born of Honeſty and Truth,
Inſpire the boſom of an artleſs Youth;

Thou ſhalt alone my daring Muſe direct,
And make her undeſerv'd applauſe neglect.
'Tis the great privilege of human kind,
As reaſon dictates to unfold the mind;
Boldly to ſpeak, her inmoſt thoughts diſcloſe,
Alike regardleſs, or of friends, or foes.

STAND forth ye Lords, ye fancy'd powers, ſtand forth,
Produce your merit, your imagin'd worth;
Who of your high Prerogatives ſo boaſt,
What are ye all, but Knaves or Fools at moſt?
Whoſe life but one continu'd blot appears,
Your crimes increaſing, as ye grow in years.

HERE ſome good man (if hap'ly ſuch there are!)
All are not bad, he cries, O then forbear.
Nor too ſeverely let the Muſe purſue,
The guiltleſs many for a guilty few.
All are not bad indeed, but ſtill the moſt,
Miſled by Vice in blind exceſs are loſt;
Deaf to the calls of conſcience on they run,
Nor find their error till they're quite undone.

TALK

TALK they of female falſhood firſt with care,
Let them correct themſelves, not blame the fair.
What are true emblems of man's fickle mind?
Changing as waves, or weather-cocks with wind.
Inconſtancy's conſpicuous thro' their lives,
Falſe to their Friends, their Miſtreſſes and Wives.
But as example o'er the heart prevails,
When every other mode of precept fails;
A fatal proof the Muſe ſhall now produce,
And may the Moral prove of public Uſe!

WHERE the fam'd Tiber rowls its rapid tide,
Bleſt with ſoft peace, that gem unknown to pride;
And ne'er with riches, or ambition found,
Meliſſa liv'd, with every virtue crown'd.
Their genial ſweets now eighteen ſprings had ſhed,
In ripening charms upon her beauteous head.
Her lively wit each village fair approv'd,
And every Swain who knew her fondly lov'd;
True happineſs and eaſe her mind enjoy'd,
Her only care, her fleecy flock employ'd.
Till Love, that baneful, that moſt dire of foes,
Admiſſion found, and hence ſprang all her woes.

Of thoſe who grac'd Italia's fertile plains,
Palemon was diſtinguiſh'd 'midſt the ſwains;
His voice the groves with melody inſpire,
And like to Pan, he touch'd the tuneful lyre;
And when pale Cynthia deck'd the Sylvan ſcene,
Shone foremoſt in the dance upon the Green.

To fair Meliſſa, he his vows addreſt,
'Mong other youths preferr'd before the reſt;
Well form'd the tender paſſion to impart,
His tongue had learn'd perſuaſion's ſoothing art;
Vers'd in the wile that with the fair ſucceeds,
His ſuit he pleaded, nor unheeded pleads.
The Nymph within whoſe unſuſpecting mind,
No dark ſuſpicion e'er cou'd entrance find;
Diſſimulation and deceit unknown,
Thought every heart as honeſt as her own;
Nor ſtrove her real ſentiments to hide,
Diſtruſt to generous minds is ne'er ally'd.

Often at eve they thro' the mead wou'd rove,
The time beguiling with ſweet tales of Love;
Or ſit and talk beneath the Poplar ſhade,
Whoſe tufted boughs a fragrant arbour made.

Here

Here wou'd Palemon by each power above,
Vow endleſs Truth, and never ceaſing Love;
With equal warmth Meliſſa's boſom burn'd,
With equal ardor ſhe his vows return'd;
Thus bleſt awhile ſhe liv'd, till fortune lower'd,
And on her head a train of evils pour'd.

YET let me check awhile the ſtarting tear,
The Muſe the tragic ſequel muſt declare;
Tho' with remembrance of the direful tale,
Her powers all droop, her fainting ſpirits fail;
For O, no fiction's in theſe lines expreſt,
Nor feign'd the troubles that diſturb her reſt;
Again the lovely phantom comes in view,
And tears find way, and her wounds bleed anew.

SUNK was the ſun to reſt, the lab'ring ſwain,
His plough relinquiſh'd, ſought the vernal plain;
Tho' tir'd with labour, eager for the ſports,
Each with his Nymph to the gay green reſorts;
With guileful heart, and fraudulent intent,
To fair Meliſſa's Cot, Palemon went.
Alone and penſive he the fair one found,
In deep reflexion loſt, and thought profound,

But

But when her lov'd Palemon ſhe beheld,
Again with joy her artleſs boſom ſwell'd;
O ſay my Love, ſhe cry'd, whence this delay,
Abſent from thee, how tedious wore the day;
Thy wiſh'd-for preſence longing to behold,
I minutes, hours, and hours, for ages told;
O much lov'd fair (Palemon, thus replies)
Tho' abſent, yet thy image bleſs'd my eyes;
For in my heart you reign, and friendly thought,
Still to my view its deareſt object brought;
What caus'd my abſence? does my charmer aſk?
Believe me fair, no unimportant taſk.
Fortune has kindly bleſt me with ſucceſs,
And I cou'd grown e'en wild, with joys exceſs;
Our friends my pray'rs have heard, and if my Love,
My dear Meliſſa will my ſuit approve;
If to my fond requeſt ſhe'll now incline,
The Prieſt to-morrow both our hands ſhall join;
Then preſs'd the yielding fair one to his breaſt,
Whoſe downcaſt looks her glad conſent expreſt.

NIGHT now advanc'd in pitchy robe array'd,
And darkneſs deep embrown'd the ſilent ſhade;

The

The glimmering ſtars their friendly light with-
held,
Sudden the clouds a copious ſhower diſtill'd;
The timid flocks before the tempeſt fly,
And livid lightenings iſſue from the ſky.
With doubts and fears alarm'd the frighted maid,
The diſmal ſcene with anxious looks ſurvey'd;
In ſuch a ſtorm to ſend her ſwain away!
Yet Prudence loud forbid his further ſtay.

THE conflict he beheld, nor wou'd reſign,
Or lay aſide his treacherous baſe deſign;
Which every thing to help alike conſpir'd,
But to the fair thus ſpoke with paſſion fir'd;
Whence ſprings my Love, this vain, this need-
leſs fear?
Say, is it not Palemon who is here?
Thy Huſband, tho' the knot remains unty'd,
Yet before heaven Meliſſa is my Bride.
In raptures then let's paſs the live long night,
Bleſs and be bleſt, anticipitate delight;
Come to my arms my fair, O come and prove,
The nameleſs tranſports of unbounded Love;
Once more I ſwear, before the glorious ſun
Again ſhall ſet, the Prieſt ſhall make us one.

THO'

THO' vain his rhetoric, and perſuaſion fail'd,
Alone and helpleſs, brutal force prevail'd;
And tho' on every pitying power ſhe calls,
A prey to Vice, diſtreſſed Virtue falls.

WHEN morn arriv'd, the hapleſs injur'd fair,
For ſtill ſhe lov'd, tho' ſunk in deep deſpair;
Beſought the raviſher with ſpeaking tears,
To make her his, and diſſipate her fears.

WED thee! the falſe the perjur'd wretch exclaims,
Say whence proceed theſe wild fantaſtic dreams;
Think'ſt thou that now with Liberty I'll part,
And barter freedom for a woman's heart?
No, be my Miſtreſs ſtill, for know my Life,
Shall ne'er be troubled with that plague—a Wife.

THIS ſaid he parted, and Meliſſa left,
Of every diſtant hope of peace bereft;
Not long ſhe paus'd—a friendly ſtream was by,
To her 'twas pain to live, but bliſs to die;
Thither with feeble fainting ſteps ſhe goes,
Plung'd in the torrent, and forgot her woes.

THESE

THESE are thy deeds, O man, the work was thine,
And muſt to diſtant time tranſmitted ſhine;
Your triumph's glorious, and your power moſt great,
But fluſh'd with Victory, with Pride elate;
Tho' Juſtice ſleeps awhile, it is not dead,
Heav'n ſhall pour all its vengeance on thy head;
Drive thee to Miſery's moſt extreme abode,
While Hell ſhall ſcourge thee with its heavieſt Rod.

SEEK ye, Ye fair, Meliſſa's fate to ſhun,
Guard well your hearts againſt that monſter man.
Deceit beneath a ſpecious form oft lies,
And treachery can aſſume fair Truth's diſguiſe:
Be careful then before your hearts you truſt,
That him who chuſe, is generous, kind and juſt.

As different humour various minds do rule,
Some prize the man of ſenſe, or foppiſh fool.
As no partiality directs my lays,
I'll ſtrive to point to view the ſureſt ways.

The

The likelieſt method for the fair to take,
Our hearts to ſoften, conquer, or to break.

ATTEND my Counſel then ye trifling train,
Ye who the glittering Bauble wiſh to gain.
Let your hearts flutter, let your breaſts expand,
A great, important theme is now in hand;
Behold they come, joy ſparkles in their eyes,
What wonder that—a Coxcomb is the prize.

FIRST then with niceſt art and taſte refin'd,
Your perſons ornament, nor heed your mind;
Let Dreſs employ your thoughts the live-long day,
And to the Toilet due attention pay;
Ever attentive Knowledge to explode,
Nor follow any guide, except the Mode.

COLLECT a ſet of phraſes, new and quaint,
To uſe at Random, Powder, Patch, and Paint;
Baniſh all Senſe, and bid to Shame adieu,
For what have you with Senſe or Shame to do;
The dear dear object whom ye ſeek to pleaſe,
Will ne'er be won by requiſites like theſe.

No my fair Pupils, different is your taſk,
Which to purſue, your utmoſt ſkill does aſk;
Theſe well attain'd frequent the Play and Park,
Secure of triumph o'er each brainleſs ſpark;
As in a Mirror each their charms will view,
And fond of own dear Self, grow fond of You.

THE ſcene is ſhifted now, the croud is gone,
The richeſt Jewel's gain'd, the Fool is won;
And what of conſequence behind remains?
A Man of Senſe! not worth a Lady's pains;
Yes, there are ſtill, a ſtrange uncommon few,
By Wiſdom guided, modeſt Worth purſue.
Who wiſh true ſocial happineſs to ſhare,
Nor think a prize like this beneath their care;
Say, wou'd ye know ye fair, what courſe to bend?
Obſerve the dictates of a faithful friend.

WHAT is an outward form?—'tis Fancy guides
Our choice, and ever o'er the will preſides;
With uſeful learning let your minds be fraught,
Since none but Fools, by little arts are caught.
Take no delight in giving others pain,
As ſoon you'll find that ſhort will prove your reign;

No

No Lover yet has long with patience borne,
(And not for freedom ſtrove) a fair one's ſcorn;
Repeated inſults damp affection's tide,
What Man of Senſe wou'd ſtoop to Woman's Pride?
Unleſs you wiſh to loſe him then forbear,
Nor urge his Love and Conſtancy too far.
Well ſang the Bard,
" Fair Virtue admiration may impart,
" But 'tis good nature captivates the Heart."
This adds to every charm a ſoftening grace,
And heightens every feature of the face;
With trifling favours then indulge the youth,
His Love 'twill add to, nor decreaſe his Truth;
The coy, demure, and ſtrictly rigid prude,
Is not with Virtue always moſt endu'd.

BEHAVE with modeſt freedom, not too gay,
Nor over grave,—but in a moderate way;
All little arts, all fond deceit neglect,
And let Sincerity your minds direct;
Thus may you vanquiſh, and ſecurely fix,
The moſt inconſtant of our roving Sex.
For all your trouble laſting pleaſures reap,
And gain a Conqueſt worth your while to keep.

END of PART II.

THE

NEW ART OF LOVE.

PART III.

THE CONCLUSION.

TWICE hath the Muſe impartial ſtrove to ſhew
The foibles of the Coxcomb, Fool and Beau;
The Man of Senſe, the inconſtant fickle fair,
And weighed the faults of each with niceſt care;
Thrown all their imperfections in the ſcale,
And found the vices of the Men prevail;

Before my pen I uſeleſs throw aſide,
Once more I'll try their wand'ring ſteps to guide;
Their ſtubborn hearts with good advice aſſail,
And hope the gen'rous effort will prevail.

WHAT if perchance among the lovely Sex,
The Critick's eye diſcerns ſome ſmall defects;
For ſome whom Folly and Imprudence ſway,
Are there not thoſe who Reaſon's voice obey?
Form'd to adorn each different ſcene of life,
As Parent, Friend, Companion, or as Wife?
Where with the Grace's ſenſe and virtue join'd,
Each rare perfection we united find?
Midſt the ſmall circle of my friends are two,
To whom the moſt exalted praiſe is due;
And was I injur'd in the tendereſt part,
Had a falſe fair betray'd my eaſy heart.
And all my ſufferings treated with ſuch ſcorn,
As patience ſelf had never calmly borne;
E'en at that inſtant when reſentment glow'd,
And from my lips ſevere reflections flow'd;
E'en at that inſtant with my pen in hand,
Ready with ev'ry vice the fair to brand,
A moment's pauſe had cancell'd all my wrongs,
If I reflected on the lovely L***s;

For

For the whole ſex their merit would atone,
Which I would ſpare for their *two ſakes* alone.

OF all the topics that our care engage,
None more than Love employs the preſent Age;
Yet by the definition we have heard,
We ſcarcely know the meaning of the word;
'Tis not the Fool who prates of wounded hearts,
Of flames and ſuff'rings, and of Cupid's darts;
Who tells the ſame dull tale to all he ſees,
Vain with ſucceſs, and confident to pleaſe;
While his attempts both ſcorn and pity move,
The Coxcomb conſtrues ev'ry ſmile to Love;
For know thou vain conceited trifling elf,
Thou canſt eſteem no Mortal but thyſelf.

BUT who comes next with palid ſickly mien,
Who ſeems tho' young juſt quitting Life's laſt ſcene;
'Tis the gay Clodio who prepares to ſpeak,
A wretch more odious than the laſt—A Rake;
Yes, he may boaſt how many hapleſs Fair,
His curſed arts have brought to ſad deſpair;
How many Beauties have reſign'd their charms,
And flew with eager raptures to his arms,

If thus his boaſted knowledge he would prove;
Still I perſiſt in't, he knows nought of Love.
'Tis not the tranſient pleaſures of an hour,
Its bliſs is tranquil, permanent and pure;
Unlike thoſe painful viſionary joys,
Which health and happineſs alike deſtroys;
Nor let him dare to give his vice a name,
That ſenſe and virtue muſt alike diſclaim.

LISTEN ye poor deluded mind and learn,
For heaven has given you inſtinct to diſcern;
'Twixt good and evil—hear what Reaſon ſays,
Who leads to happineſs thro' certain ways;
She'll teach you every folly to ſuppreſs,
And point you out the paths to endleſs bliſs;
When Inclination, Fortune, Friends conſent,
What ſhould the tender union long prevent;
For who but fools would ſhun that bliſsful ſtate,
Or heſitate to chuſe ſome charming Mate;
The joys and troubles of this life to ſhare,
Partner alike in Pleaſures, and in Care;
Nor over difficult this taſk you'll find,
For impulſe guides us to congenial minds;
When found with tender fervency declare,
Your ardent paſſion to the fav'rite fair;

Let

Let ſtricteſt honour all your actions ſcan,
And in the Lover ſtill maintain the Man;
With her the hours in chearful converſe ſpend,
And treat her as a valu'd much lov'd friend;
Without diſguiſe your ſentiments impart,
Nor fear to lay before her all your heart;
This will not fail her confidence to gain,
Inſpire eſteem and baniſh all diſdain;
Then when each breaſt with mutual fondneſs burns,
When the dear Maid your faithful vows returns;
Let Hymen's bands your happineſs ſecure,
And give you joys that always will endure;
With due attention carefully compare,
Th' abandon'd wanton, and the modeſt Fair.
See every grace the lovely Maid adorn,
Blooming and fragrant as the breath of morn;
Her blooming cheeks with crimſon bluſhes glows,
The Lilly blended with the damaſk Roſe;
From her bright eyes tranquility beams forth,
Emblem of innocence and innate worth.
Senſe with good nature join'd to crown the whole,
Win every Heart, and captivate each Soul.

Now view the ſad reverſe—See! on that face
Strongly depictur'd Infamy, Diſgrace;
Diſguſtful boldneſs—Horror and Deſpair,
Pale miſery, haggard want, and wrinkl'd care;
Health, with her ſmiling train, far off is fled,
And ſickneſs hovers o'er her wretched head;
Hear when ſhe ſpeaks—what imprecations dire!
Can theſe, or Love, or Friendſhip, e'er inſpire?
And can that Man e'er claim the leaſt pretence
To Reaſon? who quite loſt to ev'ry ſenſe,
Of Virtue, Honour, Fame, nor Peace alarms,
But wears his life out in her treach'rous Arms.

YET let the candid Muſe betimes beware,
Nor with the unhappy fair deal too ſevere;
Say, who produc'd theſe ills? who firſt betray'd,
With vows of truth th' unſuſpecting Maid?
Seduc'd her firſt from Virtue's peaceful arms,
And plung'd her deep amidſt a thouſand harms;
Who the dire ſource of all theſe ills but Man?
From them alone theſe evils firſt began;
Their's is the guilt, and heav'n will ſure decree,
Hereafter their's the puniſhment ſhall be.

Now

Now from the beauteous Fair of Britain's Iſle,
For all my toil I aſk one generous ſmile;
If I at times ſome little faults have ſhewn,
There's none without, ev'n they themſelves muſt own;
Compar'd with Us I candidly confeſs,
Their Virtues greater, and their Foibles leſs;
As for the giddy train whom Folly rules,
Jilts and Coquettes, Prudes, Coxcombs, Rakes and Fools;
'Gainſt them and Vice I publickly declare,
Eternal enmity and heavieſt War;
The Sot the pleaſures of the glaſs may prize,
The Sportſman glory in his ſavage joys;
The Rake his worthleſs conqueſts may purſue,
And the vain Fop himſelf delighted view.
But as for me, while life or powers I ſhare,
I'll ſing the virtues of the Britiſh Fair.
Their Merit, Honour, and their Charms to praiſe,
My Muſe ſhall ever tune her artleſs lays.

THE PROPHECY OF SHAKESPEAR.

LET Fortune ſtill her fav'rite Fools prefer,
And frown on thoſe who ſcorn to bow to her;
Let the ambitious at the ſhrine of power,
Kneel with ſubmiſſion, and her ſmiles implore;
To the blind God let ſighing Lovers bend,
And bribe him high their paſſion to befriend;
Let greedy Avarice on grey Plutus wait,
Let Courtiers cringe to Miniſters of State;
To all their wants let heaven its ear incline,
So I am favor'd by the tuneful Nine.

BLEST

BLEST is the man on whoſe auſpicious head,
The ſtars poetic influence have ſhed;
Content and happy in himſelf alone,
He views alike the Cottage and the Throne;
Unmov'd defies the utmoſt frowns of fate,
Fears not to fall, nor wiſhes to be great.

WHAT unknown pleaſures on the Bard attend,
To which no mortals can beſide pretend!
Pleaſures which never can be bought or ſold,
Or given in baſe exchange for power or gold;
With keen tongu'd Satyr, Vices to detect,
To give to real worth its due reſpect;
To waken Virtue from her drowſy trance,
And modeſt Merit to regard advance;
Illuſtrious ſhades and ſages to behold,
And with the tuneful Nine ſweet converſe hold;
To penetrate the ſecret ways of Time,
To tread the ſtars, and walk with forms ſublime.

WHEN the pale Empreſs of the ſilent night,
O'er the ſtill world, beam'd forth her friendly light,

My

My footſteps wander'd where fam'd Avon's tide,
In ſilver ſtreams thro' verdant meadows glide.
Abſorb'd in thought, I gain'd a neighb'ring Wood,
Where once immortal Shakeſpear's Manſion ſtood;
Who ſtill wou'd frequent at the evening hours,
Here ſtray, and leave Parnaſſus' fragrant Bowers;
To tread thoſe paths, and view the much-lov'd ſcene,
Where he when living had ſo often been.
And warbled his wild notes, which liſtening ears
Miſtook, and thought the muſic of the ſpheres;
While ſilent contemplation fill'd my breaſt,
Before my wondering eyes he ſtood confeſt;
With ſmiles benign, and on his awful face,
Sat Majeſty enthron'd, and every Grace.
With reverence ſtruck, I low obedience pay'd,
And knelt before the venerable Shade;
Impreſs'd with fear, at length I humbly ſpoke,
And from my lips theſe faltering accents broke.

Sweet ſon of Fancy! Nature's beſt belov'd!
By all admir'd, ador'd, rever'd, approv'd;
Say, for thou canſt the Book of fate unfold,
And Time to thee has every ſecret told;
When Garrick falls, ſince all his worth can't ſave
His valu'd Life from the relentleſs Grave;
Who then thy charming Leſſons ſhall impart?
For who like him can ſpeak and touch the heart;
With tender pity ſoothe, awaken Love,
Fell Rage inſpire, or Mirth and Laughter move.
Or muſt thy inſtructive Volume then be ſhut,
When he by Fate is forc'd this world to quit.

Not ſo, young Mortal, he exulting cries,
While ſecret Pleaſure ſparkled in his eyes;
Know, happier proſpects far await the Stage,
And Glory never known in any age;
Since when my much-lov'd Garrick ſhall be loſt,
Two firm ſupports, beſides I yet can boaſt;
Theſe with fit powers my mother Nature fram'd,
And Holland one, the other Powell nam'd;
To form their minds the pleaſing taſk was mine,
And O, in both, what rare perfection ſhines;

Each

Each in his different walk his worth diſplays,
And Fame to both ſhall endleſs trophies raiſe;
They well can paint the paſſions that I drew,
Go, bid them both their preſent paths purſue;
Try to reform a weak misjudging age,
And ſhine the Pride and Honour of the Stage;
Here ceas'd the Bard, then to Parnaſſus' height,
Borne on the winds, extends his ærial flight.

HENRY

HENRY

AND

AURELIA.

FAR in a vale from every human Eye,
Aurelia liv'd a fair but hapleſs Maid;
Who there in ſecret pour'd the tender ſigh,
And nurs'd her grief beneath the ſilent ſhade.

In all the bloom of life; for yet the Fair
Had only twenty ſprings and autumns ſeen;
Thus early plung'd in ſcenes of buſy care,
Her youthful hours thus rough and unſerene.

Henry

Henry her Lord, a youth well known to fame,
For manly virtues, and for deeds of arms;
Among a crowd of youthful Suitors came,
Who ſought her ſmiles, and own'd her powerful charms.

Alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt he ſhone,
Aurelia's favour he alone poſſeſt;
Conſenting Parents join'd to make them one,
Their kind conſent made both completely bleſt.

Poſſeſſion ſerv'd their Love but to encreaſe,
Wing'd with delight the happy minutes flew;
'Twas rapture all; Tranquility and Peace,
And not one wiſh, and not one care they knew.

Bleſt pair! Ah, could your preſent bliſs but laſt,
But righteous Heaven had otherwiſe decreed;
And to thoſe happy hours they once had paſt,
Misfortune's bitter pangs muſt now ſucceed.

Again, the flames of War, deſtructive rage,
The youth is ſummon'd from his peaceful home;
By honour call'd, the Foe he muſt engage,
And midſt a thouſand dangers diſtant roam.

The

The fatal hour arrives, they needs muſt part,
Ah! who can ſpeak the anguiſh of each ſoul;
Adieu, the Hero cry'd, with breaking heart,
While down his cheeks ſoft drops of ſorrow ſtole.

Aurelia claſp'd her Henry to her breaſt,
And in her arms her much-lov'd Lord detain'd;
His ſmiling Babe the Warrior fondly kiſt,
Sigh'd to himſelf, and his hard fortune 'plain'd.

To leave theſe beauteous pledges here behind,
Perhaps to meet no more! His ſpirits fail;
When now the Crew proclaim a fav'ring wind,
In haſte they part, for now the Veſſels ſail.

Now moments hours appear'd, each hour an age,
She watch'd each gentle gale that chanc'd to blow;
Her Henry abſent all her thoughts engage,
Her Henry's welfare oft ſhe ſighs to know.

To ſoothe her grief oft would Aurelia trace
Her little Cherub, as ſhe view'd with joy;
The manly features of her Hero's face,
With blooming ſoftneſs in her darling boy.

And

And now a ſail arriv'd with tidings fraught,
Of Victory, and end to War's alarms;
And news more welcome ſtill! it tidings brought,
Of her lov'd Lord's return to fill her arms.

How glow'd the fair one's Breaſt with heart-felt bliſs,
What lively tranſports did her mind now taſte;
And nought but happy ſcenes her thoughts poſſeſs,
Oblivion burying every ſorrow paſt.

But blind is human kind! too apt to think,
If once a calm arrives all danger o'er;
Too often nearer to Deſtruction's brink,
When the rough ſtorm that threat'ned ſeems no more.

With wiſhful Eyes as on the open Beech,
With looks impatient fair Aurelia ſtood;
Soon did her ears theſe mournful tidings reach,
Of her lov'd Henry periſh'd in the flood.

The Fleet by furious Tempeſts wide diſpers'd,
Aſunder 'gainſt the neighb'ring rocks were
ſplit;
And Henry's Veſſel was among the firſt,
Who in the Sea a wat'ry grave all met.

Ah! who can paint the fair one's deep diſtreſs,
What words her wild diſtraction e'er can ſhew;
She droop'd, ſhe pin'd beneath her grief's exceſs,
And frequent wiſh'd for Death to end her woe.

Yet ſtill her helpleſs Infant claim'd her care,
For him alone ſhe wretched life ſuſtain'd;
And ſtrove the adverſe frowns of fate to bear,
Reſign'd to Heaven, nor at its will complain'd.

With him from publick life ſhe now retir'd,
And in the Vale ſubmitted to her fate,
Far from her friends; her Virtues who admir'd,
Far from the noiſy turbulence of ſtate.

Twelve moons ſhe paſs'd in this retir'd retreat,
And wept her cruel lot her long loſt Lord;
With care maternal rear'd her Infant ſweet,
And Heav'n inceſſant for its good implor'd.

Now

Now ſweetly ſhone the hour of Eve ſerene,
The lowing herds were all retir'd to reſt;
Pale Cynthia's ſilver beams bedeck'd the ſcene,
And ſolemn ſilence every ſhade poſſeſt.

As loſt in thought ſhe ſlowly wander'd on,
Liſt'ning to Philomel's ſad plaintive ſtrain;
With eager ſteps acroſs the flowery lawn,
She ſaw come haſt'ning on a youthful Swain.

Devoid of fear her way ſhe ſtill purſu'd,
Nearer the ſtranger drew ſhe lifts her head;
Her eyes the image of her Huſband view,
The image of her Henry long thought dead.

Transfix'd he ſtood,——the blood forſook her cheek,
Speechleſs ſhe ſunk,—he caught her in his arms;
He look'd, he wept, in vain he ſtrove to ſpeak,
Such various conflicts now his breaſt alarms.

At length the words found vent, Awake he cries,
Aurelia dear, thy Love, thy Henry lives;
Forgive my Fair, forgive this raſh ſurprize,
And let me welcome from thy arms receive.

Life's ebbing tide return'd; the well known voice,
Her fainting ſpirits rous'd, ſhe claſp'd him cloſe;
Tears, ſpeaking tears proclaim'd her rapt'rous joys,
And in one moment ſhe forgot her woes.

Oh! ſay, he cry'd, in this unpeopled wild,
How languid nature could'ſt thou keep alive?
My little Henry too my much-lov'd Child,
Alas, I fear! but ſay, does he ſurvive?

Her looks declare he did; to Heaven he rais'd
His eyes, and ſilent adoration paid;
Both on their knees th' all gracious mercy prais'd,
Then ſat and converſe held beneath the ſhade.

There

There he his ſtory told, and how the Shore
Alone he gain'd; each hapleſs ſoul beſide,
Plung'd in the deep, were inſtantly no more;
But Providence was pleas'd to be his guide.

Thrown on a barren coaſt forlorn he liv'd,
Lamenting oft his wife and infant dear;
And frequent wiſhing he had death receiv'd,
And (with the reſt) been free from buſy care.

By chance a Veſſel touch'd the deſert Iſle,
Eagerly then he ſought his abſent home;
But found, alas! that after all his toil,
That too as wild and horrid was become.

Report ſoon pointed out her ſad retreat,
There all his heart held dear he haply found;
His dear Aurelia then he chanc'd to meet,
And now his ev'ry wiſh was fully crown'd.

He kiſs'd away her tears they reach'd their Cot,
In ſweeteſt ſlumbers Morpheus clos'd their eyes;
All frowns of fortune now were quite forgot,
And former troubles loſt in preſent joys.

Back to the world they now return once more,
Wealth, Honour, Peace, their happy moments bleſs,
Whilſt Heaven indulgent grateful they adore,
And undiſturb'd each earthly bliſs poſſeſt.

THE

THE PEASANT AND LORD.

A FABLE.

OPPRESS'D by Sickneſs, Debts and Duns,
His Lordſhip to the Country runs;
In hopes to find that comfort there,
Which Fortune had deny'd him here;
Reluctant leaves the ſeat of Vice,
Aſſemblies, Operas, Cards and Dice;
To breathe awhile in ſilent Shades,
And trifle with the Country Maids.

It chanc'd as on a ſummer's morn,
He bent his ſteps acroſs the Lawn;
Sweet ſung the birds on ev'ry ſpray,
The laughing meadows all look'd gay;

With mind unruffled, and at eaſe,
Acroſs a neighb'ring ſtile he ſees;
A Lab'rer come with chearful ſmile,
Who whiſtling ſought his daily toil;
Health's ruddy hue, his face o'erſpread,
Tho' ſilver Locks adorn'd his head.

As round the humid hay he flung,
Blithe as the Lark he gayly ſung;
His honeſt lays, which plainly ſhew'd,
His heart with ſweet Contentment glow'd;
The Peer with envious eyes beheld
The Clown, and thus with rancour fill'd;
Peace ſlave, for once let manners curb
Thy noiſe, nor my repoſe diſturb;
Thy ill-tim'd merriment give o'er,
Nor dare offend my ears thus more;
Or ſoon, thou Clod, I'll make thee know,
What rev'rence to a Lord is due.

WHAT, thou a Lord! replies the ſwain,
With looks of pity and diſdain;
And canſt thou think, tho' poor, that I
Will to thy proud commands comply;

Know,

Know, tho' obſcure and mean my lot,
The tenant of yon lowly Cot;
I boaſt an honeſt life well ſpent,
In recompence for which, Content
Gilds every hour, with calm delight,
And tells me I have acted right.

WITH reverence I my Maker ſerve,
Nor from his precepts ever ſwerve;
This golden Rule keep ſtill in view,
To do as I'd have others do.
Full threeſcore years I on theſe plains,
Have liv'd reſpected by the ſwains.
A life of innocence have led,
And earn'd by toil my daily bread;
For which indulgent gracious heaven,
Has plenty, independence giv'n;
Of theſe poſſeſs'd know in one word,
I'm greater,—happier, than a Lord.

STRUCK with the home-felt truth, the Peer
Sneak'd ſilent off—with haughty ſneer;
Unmindful—Hodge ſnatch'd up his fork,
And chearfully purſu'd his Work.

A PAS-

A

PASTORAL.

AH Shepherds do pity a ſwain,
Oppreſs'd with ſad ſorrow and care;
I'll tell you what makes me complain,
I'll tell you what makes me deſpair;
'Tis Love that occaſions my grief,
Falſe Laura my heart has deceiv'd;
I'll tell you 'twill give me relief,
Tho' I'm ſure it will ſcarce be believ'd.

Ye nymphs too who trip the gay Plains,
With them here your footſteps direct;
Tho' jocund I once tun'd my ſtrains,
Such lays you muſt now not expect.

No,

No, penſive I all the day long,
Lay reclin'd underneath the cool ſhade;
And this is my ſad plaintive ſong,
How I was by Laura betray'd.

You knew her, how ſweetly ſhe ſhone,
'Mong all the fair nymphs of the Green,
I vow I don't think there was one,
Of ſo lovely, engaging a mien.
Her eyes like the ſtars were as bright,
Her lips like the ſoft damaſk Roſe;
When I gaz'd, I was loſt in delight,
But alas! hence I date all my woes.

'Twas firſt at our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt,
I chanc'd the dear charmer to meet;
Each Shepherdeſs blithely I kiſt,
But thought none as my Laura ſo ſweet;
She ſung! What a raviſhing Voice!
No Lark with her notes cou'd compare;
She ſmil'd, O how did I rejoice,
To find her ſo kind and ſo fair.

I whiſ-

I whiſper'd a tale in her ear,
Expreſſing how much I did love;
She told me I need not deſpair,
She did not my paſſion diſprove.
Tho' few were my flocks on the mead,
She Riches not valu'd a ruſh;
For Conſtancy, Wealth did exceed,
And ſhe own'd a like flame with a bluſh.

I cull'd ev'ry flow'ret ſo fair,
The Lilly, the Pink, and the Roſe;
I ranſack'd my garden with care,
A garland to form for her brows.
With ſmiles ſhe my gift did receive,
Then begg'd I ſome preſent would take;
From her breaſt ſhe a noſegay did give,
Which ſhe bid me to wear for her ſake.

Then, then I was happy indeed,
I ſcarce cou'd my tranſports contain;
I chear'd with my pipe the gay mead,
And we danc'd ev'ry night on the plain.

Of Hymen I ventur'd to ſpeak,
And begg'd he might join both our hands;
She promis'd in leſs than a week,
She wou'd willingly wear his ſoft bands.

I thought! What a ſimple fond youth,
I thought all my troubles then paſt;
Since Laura conſidered my truth,
And conſented to crown it at laſt.
For who cou'd imagine that breaſt,
Cou'd harbour ſuch cruel deceit;
Or think her of falſehood poſſeſt,
Who ſeem'd with each virtue replete.

But alas! I have found to my coſt,
That he who a fair one does truſt;
Will find they deceive us the moſt,
When we leaſt ſuſpect them unjuſt.
Young Dorus, a wealthy young Swain,
The fickle one chanced to ſee;
He courted,—ſhe did not diſdain
His paſſion,—but quite forgot me.

When I thought the wiſh'd minute ſo near,
When ev'ry fond wiſh wou'd be crown'd;
Ah me! what a tale did I hear,
So ſad, yet too true, I ſoon found.

Yes,

Yes, Dorus and Laura were wed,
And I was forever forgot;
O how did I wiſh myſelf dead,
O how did I curſe my hard lot.

For Wealth ſhe my paſſion did ſlight,
For Dorus of Wealth was poſſeſt;
I thought, but I did not think right,
That av'rice ne'er dwelt in her breaſt.
His Flocks were more num'rous than mine,
His Harveſt did mine far exceed;
In nought elſe, he me cou'd outſhine,
In the Dance, or the Pipe, or the Reed.

But let me forget the falſe Fair,
She does not deſerve my fond love;
She will not be long free from care,
But ſoon this ſad truth ſurely prove.
For ever a ſtranger to peace,
Her Riches her torment will be;
Her troubles ſtill daily increaſe,
For her falſehood, her treach'ry to me.

TO

MR. HOLLAND,

On his RETURN to TOWN.

HOLLAND's return'd to Town I gladly ſing,
Attend ye Fair who guard the far fam'd ſpring
Of Heliconia! At your ſacred fount
I ſtop, nor think to reach th' Aonian mount;
Where the great God of verſe ſublimely ſits,
Dealing out Laurel to contending Wits;
Certain in ſuch a crowd my artleſs lays,
Nor merit, nor could gain the palm of praiſe.
Content I wander round the flow'ry hill,
Or elſe reclin'd beſide the Muſes rill;

In

In innocent excurſions now and then,
As fancy chance to prompt indulge my pen;
By Love inſpir'd ſing ſome favourite Fair,
Or elſe the merit of a Friend declare;
Or ſtart a ſubject which at leiſure time,
I for amuſement ſake ſpin out in rhime;
Leaving to others freely to debate,
To cenſure, rail at, or approve the State.
To deal out largely ſpite and rank ill-nature,
Which void of better judgment they call Satire;
Why let them if they pleaſe e'en burſt with rage,
They not one moment ſhall my care engage.
No, free from Envy, thirſt of Fame, or Malice,
My Muſe diſperts herſelf in chearful ſallies;
And ſhall indulge herſelf uncheck'd by rules,
Nor heed the herd of Criticizing Fools.

FROM Twickenham's calm retreat thro' whoſe fair groves,
Her Pope with pleaſure ſtill delighted roves;
And frequent wanders thro' thoſe well-known ſhades,
Where in ſoft dalliance with the tuneful Maids.

Time

Time ſweetly paſt to whoſe kind ſmiles he owes,
The never-fading wreath that decks his brows;
A Youth unmindful of the bubble Fame,
Who to the Muſes favour boaſts no claim;
Now ſeeks to make his friendly wiſhes known,
And ſpeak thee welcome Holland back to Town.

MANY on this occaſion would diſcloſe,
Their thoughts, and ſpeak their minds in humble proſe;
But for myſelf I cannot for my ſoul,
Strive all I can this jingling mode controul;
Sure there's ſome ſecret magick in the Nine,
Whoſe force we feel, and which we can't define;
For ſince the time when firſt you deign'd to praiſe,
And ſmil'd applauſe upon my artleſs lays;
I cannot greet a friend, or aſk the time,
But what inſenſibly 'tis done in rhime;
Yet could I chuſe, I own I ſhould prefer,
Plain honeſt proſe to empty verſe by far;
Unleſs Apollo would indulgent view,
My inclination, and give Genius too.

Now Summer ſeated in her golden Car,
To viſit other climes behold prepare;
The dear delights of Ranelagh are o'er,
And gay Vauxhall ſhut up can charm no more;
Their ſcatter'd force collected far and near,
In all their pride the Theatres appear;
Each ſtrives to make their various merit known,
And gain the ſmiles and favour of the Town.
Why, let them ſtrive, thou Holland need not fear,
Sure of applauſe where'er thou doſt appear;
With Plaudits crown'd from Briſtol's fertile plain,
Freſh Lawrels wait thee now at Drury-lane.

Oh come and of ſuch happy power poſſeſt,
Charm every ear, and melt each feeling breaſt;
In every ſcene 'tis Nature's ſelf is ſhown,
For ev'ry character you make your own;
Down ev'ry cheek can teach the tears to flow,
With generous ardour every breaſt to glow;
Can every paſſion at command impart,
And touch at will each ſpring that guides the heart;

Melpomene

Melpomene too claims thee for her own,
And joys exulting in her darling ſon;
Since ſhould her eldeſt hope her Garrick die,
Full well his place her Holland could ſupply.

HER languid head now Covent Garden rears,
Smiling with hope, forgetting former fears;
Here long had Pantomime the ſtage diſgrac'd,
And ſenſe been murder'd to comply with taſte;
A vicious taſte that long with power prevail'd,
When Operas triumph'd, and great Shakeſpear fail'd;
Beneath a Powell's and a Coleman's ſway,
It hopes once more its glory to diſplay;
Poſſeſs'd of theſe the field they ſhall maintain,
And find applauſe as well as Drury Lane.
Secure of candour Holland I to you,
Preſent this tribute to your merit due;
With friendly ſmiles peruſe my artleſs lay,
Nor with a Critic's eye its faults ſurvey;
Tho' here no brilliancy of wit may ſhine,
With Pride I boaſt Truth graces every line;
And that more real ſatisfaction gives,
Than all the praiſe which Flattery receives;

But this believe; not one amidſt the crowd,
By whom your worth uncommon is allow'd;
On this occaſion with more tranſport burn,
Than I; or feel more joy at your Return.

TO

TO

MISS ——————.

WHILE fair Eliza deigns t'aſſert the cauſe
Of virtue; and defend its ſacred laws;
Proud vice abaſh'd and trembling at the ſight,
Sees her vain hopes all ſunk in endleſs night;
Convinc'd that every folly muſt ſubmit,
When Reaſon's dictates are enforc'd by wit;
Truth's potent charms muſt all her aims confute,
When —— writes, who dare her power diſpute?
Through me the humbleſt of the Muſes train,
Apollo ſpeaks and does his will explain;
Fill'd with prophetic fire I here declare,
The future glories of this charming Fair;

" On the bright annals of eternal fame,
" Admiring eyes ſhall read Eliza's name;
" Where join'd with others on the glorious page,
" Whoſe works at once inſtruct and charm the
" age;
" To lateſt time her virtues ſhall reſound,
" And worth like her's with endleſs praiſe be
" crown'd."

KITTY,

KITTY,

A SONG,

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at MARYBONE GARDENS.

YOUNG Damon may of Daphne ſing,
And Colin, Amaryllis;
Clariſſa's charms, let Sylvia praiſe,
Blythe Strephon ſing of Phillis.
Philander thinks his Delia fair,
'Tis true the maid is pretty;
But none of all the lovely tribe,
Can vie with blooming Kitty.

She's modeſt, fair, engaging, kind,
And void of ſcorn and pride;
While every dear perfection rare,
Doth in her breaſt reſide;

Her face is ever deck'd with ſmiles,
She's always gay and witty;
Such is the Fair-one I adore,
My charming, ſprightly Kitty.

As every fragrant flower that blows,
In garden, grove or field;
In ſweetneſs to the bluſhing Roſe,
Muſt undiſputed yield.
So, 'midſt the Fair that grace this iſle,
In Country, Court, or City;
Not one of all the charming tribe,
Can vie with blooming Kitty.

CLEANTHES AND EMILIA.

A PASTORAL.

'TWAS May, the feather'd choir united ſung,
On the green thorn the dew-drops glittering hung;
His flocks to paſture, as young Damon led,
He met with Lycidas, who croſs'd the Mead;
A tuneful Swain! who deftly cou'd rehearſe,
Soft pleaſing tales in unaffected verſe;
Or ſtories of unhappy love-ſick Maids,
Once the fair pride of Tempe's charming ſhades;
And while his tongue deſcrib'd their tuneful woe,
Adown the liſteners cheek the tears would flow;

When

When gayer ſubjects did his care employ,
Alike his power to pleaſe and waken joy;
Him Damon thus beſpoke, Hail gentle ſwain,
Who's rural pipe oft chears our happy plain;
A favour I intreat, O grant my pray'r,
In yon fair bow'r which ſcents the vernal air;
Where Jeſſamins and Roſes ſhed purfume,
And Violets flouriſh with a heighten'd bloom;
While here my flocks at eaſe in ſafety play,
Oblige a ſhepherd with that ſelf-ſame lay;
You told Maria, as one night ye ſtray'd,
By Cynthia's ſilver light thro' yonder ſhade.

LYCIDAS.

If ſtrains like mine which only boaſt their truth,
Delight thine ear, O Damon, gentle youth,
I grant your ſuit, and pleaſure ſhall receive,
If I to Damon can amuſement give.

Long had Cleanthes, Lucius' wealthy heir,
In ſecret ſigh'd for Emily the fair;
Nor leſs did Emily the youth approve,
But in her boſom nurs'd a ſecret love;
Nor dar'd the Swain his ſoft regard divulge,
Nor dar'd the Nymph one gleam of hope indulge;

He

He the ſole heir of an all-potent Lord,
The daughter ſhe of one who kept his herd.

Tho' her fair form did every grace diſcloſe,
And far above her birth diſtinguiſh'd roſe;
Her mind with every winning virtue fraught,
Her manners poliſh'd tho' by art untaught;
It chanc'd as on one ſummer's ſultry day,
To ſeek the cooling ſtream ſhe bent her way;
Far in an unfrequented glade ſhe found,
A cool retreat with alders fenc'd around;
Firſt ſearching round with anxious earneſt gaze,
Her lovely limbs ſhe quickly diſarrays;
Then plung'd well-pleas'd into the limpid waves,
And in the flowing ſtream ſhe ſportive laves;
Sudden a chillneſs ſeiz'd the trembling fair,
She ſhrieks, ſhe falls—no hope of ſuccour near;
When happy chance! her cries, Cleanthes heard,
And on the margin inſtantly appear'd;
Leapt in and ſav'd her, juſt when cruel death,
Had almoſt robb'd the charming maid of breath.
Returning home that morning from the chace,
Kind fate the Youth directed to that place;
By different paſſions torn, joy, fear, deſire,
He gaz'd tranſported, every pulſe on fire;

But

But honour triumph'd round the beauteous fair,
He caſt her robes, then ſought with tendereſt care
Her ſpirits to revive, ſhe opes her eyes,
Amaz'd, confounded, loſt in wild ſurprize;
With faultering tongue, her grateful thanks ſhe ſpeaks,
While crimſon bluſhes dy'd her lovely cheeks;
But vain her fears—by virtuous Love inſpir'd,
Struck with a modeſt awe, the Swain retir'd.

No longer now their flame they ſeek to hide,
But own their paſſion with a conſcious pride;
At length reſolv'd to eaſe his troubled breaſt,
Cleanthes kneeling thus his Sire addreſt;
If e'er my prayers deſerv'd the leaſt regard,
If faithful Love can claim to meet reward;
If you wou'd wiſh my future days to bleſs,
And crown my every hour with real bliſs;
O grant my ſuit,—be fair Emilia mine,
Wealth,—and ambition, I content reſign.

In vain he pleads, for pride his prayer repell'd,
With indignation Lucius' boſom ſwell'd;
And wouldſt thou he exclaim'd; baſe as thou art,
By paſſion blinded, act ſo mean a part;

To

To wed Emilia,—ſhe whoſe abject birth,
From Lineo ſprang, a wretch devoid of worth;
Give o'er thy ſuit, a father's will revere,
And hold thy honour, and thy ſelf more dear.

To Lineo now their grief the Lovers told,
When thus the Swain, attend; I'll now unfold
A ſecret, which I long have kept unknown,
Which may perhaps your mutual wiſhes crown;
But firſt be Lucius call'd, around the Swain,
In mute ſuſpence, impatient they remain.
The ſhepherd thus,—No child of mine this Maid,
Tho' long my care in this ſequeſter'd ſhade;
To noble Julio ſhe her birth does owe,
Thou Lucius well her worthy Sire did know.
Tho' now no real parents can ſhe boaſt,
Both long ſince dead, to her forever loſt;
From them, O grief and anguiſh to my ſoul,
I eighteen years age this Fair-one ſtole.
Then ſmile conſent on this unequall'd pair,
And make the lovely Emily thy care;
What thou my Julio's child, old Lucius cries?
While tears of joys ſtood ſtarting in his eyes;
Julio, to whom my preſent wealth I owe!
And thou the infant he lamented ſo?

The

The fortune which he left, by right is thine,
His gift to me, which gladly I reſign;
And if, O charming Fair, if ſtill thy mind,
To crown Cleanthes' wiſhes is inclin'd;
I join your hands, be former cares forgot,
And Happineſs and Peace your future lot.

Lost in ſurprize awhile they ſpeechleſs gaz'd,
At the glad change, tranſported and amaz'd;
Silent, and prompted by Love's ſoft alarms,
They flew enraptur'd to each other's arms.

Hymen their bliſs compleated, on their heads
Heaven a continual ſhower of Bleſſings ſheds;
Grateful their lives is, but one ſcene of praiſe,
While a fair offspring crown their future days.

Here Lycidas broke off, while Damon ſat,
As if the Youth his tale continu'd yet;
Attention ſo had quite abſorb'd his ſoul,
And his ſweet lay o'er all his ſenſes ſtole;
Rous'd from his trance, he thank'd th' obliging Swain,
Who parting bent his way acroſs the plain.

AN

A N

ELEGIAC PASTORAL.

WHO dares aſſert that Time can heal
all woes,
And wipe the pearly drops from
Pity's cheek;
His mind no lively ſenſe of ſorrow knows,
Nor doth his tongue affliction's language
ſpeak.

Time may indeed its wild exceſs controul,
And check the rapid tide of growing grief,
But memory ſtill will rouze the plaintive ſoul,
And ſtop the friendly current of relief.

'Twas

'Twas thus Alexis ſpoke, a tuneful Swain,
As penſive wandering thro' the ſilent ſhade;
Pale Cynthia heard the hapleſs youth complain,
And mourn the death of Delia, lovely Maid.

O come Oblivion kind, he ſighing cried,
Shed thy ſoft influence o'er my troubled mind;
Ah, wou'd with Delia too, that I had died;
In life without her, I no peace can find.

Yet what avails, I youth's fair hours conſume,
In ſhedding floods of ineffectual tears;
From converſe fly to this ſequeſter'd gloom,
And thus in plaintive ſighs pour out my cares.

Can all my tears the cruel tyrant move;
Will the relentleſs grave the Fair reſtore;
Will Death give back the charming nymph I love,
And waft her from Eternity's dark ſhore.

Ah,

Ah, no! yet ſtill I give the reins to grief,
Let ſad Reflection happier times revive;
From Melancholy ſeek to gain relief,
And ſcenes which ſerve to keep my care alive.

SEE o'er yon meads where ſtray my fleecy flock,
White daiſies paint the gay enamell'd mead;
While bubbling rills run trickling down the rock.
And the blithe village hears the rural reed.

But fleecy flocks no more my care invite,
In vain has Flora deck'd the flow'ry field;
Nor bubbling rills no longer me delight,
Nor ſweeteſt Muſic ſatisfaction yield.

Come back ye happy hours when wing'd with joy,
Ye ſwiftly flew, when Delia's preſence charm'd;
My gladſome heart—Love, all our ſweet employ,
Our breaſts no tender cares but his alarm'd.

How have we rov'd thro' every well known walk,
Oft fondly ſtray'd beſide the ſilver ſtream;
When both enraptur'd, Love was all our talk,
Love all we thought of, Love our darling theme.

Forever are thoſe bliſsful minutes flown,
All pleaſure with my Delia now is fled;
Ye Nymphs and Swains, ye Hills and Dales bemoan,
Delia, your pride, your Delia now is dead.

Gods! what I felt when I the news receiv'd,
That Delia, lovely Delia! was no more;
Myſelf of life was then almoſt bereav'd,
How did I rave, ah! how her loſs deplore.

To the ſad ſpot I flew, and found the Maid
Enclos'd in Death's relentleſs marble arms;
The Lillies languiſh, and the Roſes fade,
Yet not effac'd was ev'ry matchleſs charm.

Still

Still on her face a winning ſmile was ſeen,
Which as in life ſuch pleaſure cou'd impart;
Her looks declare a ſpotleſs ſoul ſerene,
And ſpoke a virtuous and a guiltleſs heart.

And now the village bell to toll was heard,
Array'd in white the nymphs attend the bier;
In ſilent grief the rural band appear'd,
And throng'd o'er Delia's corſe to drop a tear.

Before their ſteps the faireſt flowers they ſtrew,
As to the church they ſlowly march along;
In mournful breezes gentleſt Zephyrs blew,
And not a warbler but with-held his ſong.

And now—ah, ceaſe my eyes—ah, ceaſe to weep,
The laſt ſad ſervice to the Fair is paid,
A long farewel—the mouldering duſt they heap,
And the green turf 'bove all is lightly laid.

As thus the ſhepherd mourn'd his cruel lot,
Night threw her ſableſt mantle o'er the air;
Chance led him to the melancholy ſpot,
To the ſad tomb where lay his Delia fair.

Thrice did he ſigh—the clay cold earth thrice preſt,
With loud laments the peaceful plains he fill'd;
And when returning morn the village bleſt,
On the ſame place the Swain it there beheld.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Spoken at the Repreſentation of

MISS IN HER TEENS.

By the Young LADY who played TAG.

IN pure compliance with the taſte in vogue,
We now preſent you with an Epilogue;
This piece of form once paſt we'll then releaſe ye,
And from your long confinement ſoon diſmiſs ye;
Pray does it not your wonder much invite,
To ſee the choice Miſs Biddy made to night?
The girl was ſurely void of all good-nature,
To uſe ſo barb'rouſly the gentle Creature.

Fribble had made a bad gallant, 'tis true,
But for a huſband any thing will do;
Cloſe by one's ſide to ſleep, he'd keep one warm,
And if he did no good—he'd do no harm;
Had Flaſh but kept up to his bluſt'ring ſtrain,
He ſurely had not fail'd the fort to gain;
We Women oft prefer a man of ſpirit,
To thoſe poſſeſs'd of more abundant merit;
On that, poor ſouls! there is not much reliance,
We love the man who, ſpite of all defiance,
Ne'er ſtoops to beg but forces our compliance.
At length in regimentals, form'd to move,
The Captain came, and paid his vows of love.
Strange wiſhes now the Virgin's breaſt invade,
Won by the ſword-knot, and the ſmart cockade,
In triumph off he bears the beauteous maid.

He might deſerve ~~ye~~ Her yet ye charming Fair,
Of theſe too dangerous Lovers, oh beware;
Nor every idle Coxcomb's vows believe,
A gaudy outſide often may deceive;
If at your choice you wiſh not to repine,
To men of ſenſe alone your hearts reſign.

THE

THE CONTEST.

A PASTORAL.

'TWAS juſt in the Spring-tide of May,
When Flora the fields did adorn;
The Village look'd chearful and gay,
And the bloſſom ſweet blow'd on the thorn;
Beneath the cool ſhade of an oak,
While their flocks friſk'd about the green mead;
To two Swains young Palemon thus ſpoke;
Come, Shepherds reſume the ſoft reed;
Awhile here in friendly diſpute,
In behalf of the Fair tune your lays;
And his be this ſweet breathing flute,
Whoſe ſong ſhall deſerve the moſt praiſe.

You Damon the Conteſt begin,
Let truth both your ſentiments guide;
Whether You or Alexis ſhall win,
The cauſe I'll with candor decide.

DAMON.

Ye Swains to my ſubject attend,
The charms of a Fair-one I ſing;
Whom no tongue can ſufficient commend,
Who is blooming and fair as the Spring;
Her Cheek's like the ſoft damaſk Roſe,
Surrounded with Snow Drops and Lillies;
Her mind with each rare Virtue glows,
And who can compare to my Phillis?

ALEXIS.

You may boaſt of your Phillis's charms,
In ſoothe ſhe is handſome and young;
But the Fair who my boſom alarms,
Can never with juſtice be ſung.
If you ſearch thro' the plain far and near,
Believe me you never can find,
Two Nymphs that with theſe can compare,
In Beauties of Perſon and Mind.

PALEMON.

Ceaſe Shepherds, ceaſe ceaſe your diſpute,
You Damon, your claim muſt reſign;
Alexis has well won the flute,
But this ebon crook ſhall be thine.
Indeed, I muſt freely confeſs,
If our Nymphs we examine with care;
Few half ſuch perfections poſſeſs,
As Eliza and Patty the Fair.

CANTATA.

SUNG by Mrs. VINCENT.

RECITATIVE.

THE ev'ning ſtar now ſhone with glimm'ring ray,
And Sol to Thetis' lap in haſte retir'd;
When Orpheus tun'd his ſoft melodious lay,
By Harmony's ſweet power divinely fir'd;
And now the maſter ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings,
And thus enraptur'd in her praiſe he ſings.

AIR.

Hail! fair Daughter of the Sky,
Sweet enchanting harmony;
Whoſe voice the ſoul with joy inſpires,
Before whoſe preſence Care retires;

Hither

Hither haſte and bring along,
Mirth and muſick, jeſt and ſong;
To thee they all their being owe,
And we our choiceſt bliſs below.

RECITATIVE.

The Bard here ceas'd when Echo lonely maid,
Who o'er the neighb'ring hills deſponding ſtray'd;
Soon as he finiſh'd his ſeraphic ſtrain,
Caught the reſponſive notes and ſang again.

AIR.

Muſic can all grief remove,
Muſic melts the ſoul to love;
By that the troubles in my breaſt,
Are for a moment lull'd to reſt;
By that enliven'd I no more,
My dear Narciſſus loſt deplore.
When dire affliction's pangs we feel,
Muſic can our ſorrows heal.

CALISTA

TO

LOTHARIO.

WITH grief diſtracted, and a prey to Love,
I yet attempt thy flinty heart to move;
Exert each power, try all thoſe once-lov'd charms,
To lure the wanderer to my longing arms;
Oh, may perſuaſion my weak pen inſpire,
And in thy breaſt awake the latent fire;
Think on the ſolemn oaths, the vows you made,
By which my eaſy faith was ſoon betray'd;

If

If I was ſcorn'd, Oh ſay, too charming youth,
Why did you then profeſs eternal truth?
Why e'er attempt my favour then too gain,
And now repay my paſſion with diſdain;
Oh, why did I, fond maid! thoſe vows believe,
Yet thy ſoft arts the wiſeſt might deceive;
No guilt I thought could harbour in that breaſt,
That winning form of ev'ry grace poſſeſt;
What firſt was pity, ſoon to love did turn,
And I, alas! with real ardour burn;
Nor did I ſtrive my paſſion to conceal,
Too plain my eyes the ſecret did reveal;
You ſaw, my bluſhes, and oh, hapleſs maid!
With proud contempt my ſoft regard repaid;
Deaf to my pray'rs, a ſtranger to my ſight,
No more my preſence fills you with delight;
But yet, dear faithleſs youth, oh grant my pray'r,
Return, and ſave Caliſta from deſpair;
Reſtore her peace, whoſe mind to grief a prey,
Without your aid muſt very ſoon decay;
As Heaven on thee will all my wrongs avenge,
And the juſt cauſe of Innocence revenge;

With

With keeneſt pangs thy guilty mind annoy,
And blaſt thy hopes of bliſs or future joy;
But oh! forgive this rage—for yet I love,
Thy preſence ſoon would all my cares remove;
Again my heart its only Lord would own,
And one kind look for all my wrongs atone;
What ſolid joys can this vain world e'er give,
If Love were wanting 'twould be pain to live;
'Tis that alone true happineſs beſtows,
Heals all our troubles, and our loudeſt woes;
To give thy mind relief my taſk ſhall be,
And my fond wiſhes center all in thee;
Haſte then, and by thy preſence make me bleſt,
And charm each racking doubt and care to reſt;
Or ſoon to Death a victim I ſhall pine,
And as in life, ſo dying, ſtill be thine.

AN

AN

ELEGY

On the much-lamented Death of

MISS KITTY D****H.

Who died MAY 9, 1766.

WITHIN a deep embower'd ſequeſter'd ſhade,
With ſad affliction, and with grief oppreſt;
Mournful Alexis ſolitary ſtray'd,
And ſought to calm the troubles of his breaſt;
Thrice did his falt'ring tongue eſſay to ſpeak,
Thrice from his lips th' unfiniſh'd accents broke;
Until a ſhow'r of tears bedew'd his cheeks,
And thus with many a deep-fetch'd ſigh he ſpoke.

ALL

All hail, ye caves, ye awful Cypreſs groves,
Where melancholy holds its dark domain;
Where penſive Solitude contented roves,
And with her ſiſter Contemplation reigns;
Fled from the face of day here let me roam,
Indulge my ſorrow, and inceſſant mourn;
A much-lov'd Fair-one's ſad and hapleſs doom;
And weeping hover o'er her fancy'd urn.
Juſt when the ſpring of life began to rear
Its blooming head, and ev'ry ſweet diſcloſe;
Each captivating grace and charm appear,
The cruel tyrant cropp'd this beauteous Roſe.
Oh! what avail'd it, that both good and fair,
Exalted excellence enrich'd her mind;
Since all the fell deſtroyer would not ſpare,
Nor from the Grave a refuge could ſhe find.

In her bright form each ſoft attraction ſhone,
Fair Virtue that enliven'd every charm;
Which e'en from Envy's ſelf juſt praiſes won,
And could the darts of Calumny diſarm;

Her

Her mind no conſcious ſenſe of guilt e'er knew,
For innocence alone her actions ſway'd;
That peace was her's known only to a few,
Who in the flow'ry paths of Vice ne'er ſtray'd.

FRIENDSHIP, that gem ſo ſeldom found below,
In her ſhone forth with truth and faith ſincere;
Compaſſion ſat enthron'd upon her brow,
And ſhed at others woe the trickling tear;
Nor were the ſweets of Love to her unknown,
The ſoft ſenſation ſhe had deeply found;
Yet but to one her ſoft regard was ſhown,
One happy youth alone with ſmiles was crown'd.

THO' Reaſon and Religion both unite,
And bid the tide of grief no longer flow;
The fancy'd object, preſent to my ſight,
Still claims my ſorrow, and awakens woe.
Alas! no ſmall, no common loſs is mine,
I mourn a lov'd Companion, and a Friend;
Nor till the minute I my life reſign,
Will my ſad troubles ever find an end.

LONG as my eyes remain by death unclos'd,
Oh lovely D******h I'll thy fate deplore;
A little longer to this world expos'd,
And we may meet again to part no more.
Till then my weeping Muſe in mournful lay,
To calm the wild diſorder of her grief;
The faithful tribute of a tear will pay,
Till Heav'n indulgent ſends its beſt relief.

HERE ſtopt the Youth, and ceaſing to complain,
He ſought from reſt to ſteal ſome ſhort repoſe;
When Morpheus kindly lent his drowſy chair,
And lull'd in ſoft oblivion all his woes;
Yet could not ſleep from his ſad mem'ry chace,
The lov'd idea of the charming Fair;
In bliſsful dreams he felt her dear embrace,
And in her well known converſe loſt each care.

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

From JOHN PLUMBTREE to his UNCLE at YORK.

LONDON, Sunday Night.

Dear UNCLE,

ACCORDING to promiſe I write,
T'acquaint you I ſafely arriv'd here laſt night;
In perfect good health, with my jaunt not much pleas'd,
For indeed in the Coach I was terribly ſqueez'd;
Four Ladies who all were as fat as your Nanny,
And myſelf, which you know was at leaſt one too many;

They ſeem'd with my company highly delighted,
For wherever we ſtopt, I was always invited
With them to ſit down, and make one of the party,
And begg'd to be ſociable, free, and eat hearty;
But I being willing the Fair-ones to ſhew,
Good-manners and breeding, and what was their due;
Employ'd my whole time the dear creatures to help,
And ſcarce in my lips put a morſel myſelf;
So that when I alighted in Leadenhall Street,
I was ready the ends of my fingers to eat;
My Couſin I luckily found waiting there,
To whom I am vaſtly obliged for his care.
When having took leave of my Stage Coach Companions,
We ſet down to ſup,——Rabbits ſmother'd in onions;
With cold ſirloin of beef—moſt exquiſite fare,
And truſt me your Nephew the ſame did not ſpare;
The glaſs went about, till the Watchman gave warning,
'Twas time to retire, being two in the morning;

The

The Liquor we drank, did our ſenſes ſo rockfaſt,
'Twas paſt twelve o'clock when we got up to breakfaſt.
On a Sunday, I thought this a very great ſin,
As at home I by this time at church ſhould have been;
But my couſin inform'd me, the people at York,
About their religion made this piece of work;
That thoſe of diſtinction in this famous town,
Of a Sunday ne'er riſe from their beds until noon.
For as it's appointed a day for to reſt,
They think when aſleep that they keep it the beſt.
And ſeldom at church do their perſons expoſe,
Unleſs to be ſeen, and to ſhew their new cloaths;
So by this, my good uncle, you plainly may ſee,
What a difference is 'twixt the great ones and we.

We went in the evening and walk'd till 'twas dark,
'Mong a thouſand fine folks in St. James's gay Park;
In their holiday dreſs, all the world and his wife,
Such crouds I before ne'er beheld in my life;

But one thing I met with I did not expect,
As I paſs'd through Spring Gardens my pocket was pick'd;
I made myſelf eaſy, and thought it a joke,
Never dreaming of thieves among ſuch gentle folk;
But my Couſin declares, and he certainly knows,
There's many a rogue that goes dreſs'd in lac'd cloaths.
My ſenſes were all ſo bewilder'd in wonder,
Beſides this miſtake, I made many a blunder;
Gay Sparks with their hats trimm'd with gold, and their ſwords,
Who were ſtrutting away there, I took to be Lords;
But I afterwards learnt they were journeymen Bakers,
Or Shoemakers, Taylors, or Perriwig Makers;
And many a Lady, whom I thought a Counteſs,
In their ſmart negligees, their lac'd flappets and flounces;
Who were ſailing in ſacks with their long-ſweeping tails,
Were employ'd all the week-days in handling their ſcales;

But

But willing to look like their betters ſo grand,
Theſe glittering trinkets they buy ſecond hand;
And if the good ſouls theſe gay trappings can
get,
They, Quality-like, never think of a debt.

The Mall, a fine place, with high trees over-
ſhaded,
Was formerly where the fine folks once paraded;
But now, in compliance with Faſhion and Mode,
They march up and down in a rough rugged road;
In crouds in the Queen's Walk aſſemble together,
Expos'd to the ſun, and to all ſorts of weather.

I own I was not vaſtly pleas'd with our walk,
The people ſo joſtling we cou'd not well talk;
So my Couſin and I went ourſelves to amuſe,
To a Coffee-houſe nigh to look over the news;
And there we heard many moſt loudly diſpute,
Of Political Matters, of Chatham and Bute.
The former I find, who was once ſo admir'd,
His credit quite loſt, from the world is retir'd;
To this kind of diſcourſe I gave but little ear,
Nor meddled with matters quite out of my
ſphere;

And I think it for many, much better wou'd be,
If in theſe affairs they took pattern by me.

RETURN'D to our home, I ſat up half the night,
Tho' terribly ſleepy, this Letter to write;
Excuſe all my blunders—my duty to Aunt,
To whom I'm beholden, for this pretty jaunt;
So with love and kind ſervice to all in the country,
I reſt,

Your moſt dutiful Nephew,

JOHN PLUMBTREE.

THE JUDGMENT OF CUPID.

WHERE Thames with ſmooth and ſilver waves,
The banks of fair Auguſta laves;
By Nature's hand a grot is made,
Where myrtles form a fragrant ſhade;
Here the ſweet Honey-ſuckle blows,
There ſhines the Lilly and the Roſe;
Carnations bright, and Lilacs join,
To make the cool retreat divine;
'Twas when the ſun with milder beam,
Retiring ſheds a gentler gleam;

Pro-

Proclaim'd the ſilent evening hour,
When Venus ſought her much-lov'd bow'r;
Here from Olympus ſhe retir'd,
When ſolitude her mind inſpir'd;
And with the Graces, and her Boy,
Her Cupid, taſted tranquil joy;
Freely diſcours'd in pleaſing ſtrains,
Of amorous Nymphs, and love-ſick Swains;
Who reign'd the moſt diſtinguiſh'd toaſt,
And who moſt powerful charms cou'd boaſt.
When thus to Venus, Cupid cry'd,
Do, pray Mamma, this cauſe decide;
Hymen 'gainſt me has long maintain'd,
That here the brighteſt beauties reign'd;
Now this I know is far from true,
But come, Mamma, pray what ſay you?
Say, cry'd the Goddeſs, ſure my Cupid,
Can never be ſo ſtrangely ſtupid,
'Gainſt better knowledge to advance,
That Spain or Ruſſia, Rome or France;
Or any of the foreign powers,
Can boaſt of Ladies fair as ours;
'Mong all you've ſeen, if you ſhew one,
That can exceed them, I have done;

Produce

Produce this wond'rous matchleſs Fair,
With candor I'll their worth compare;
And if I find what you ſay true,
I'll give the pref'rence where 'tis due;
A match, Mamma, the Boy replies,
(While pleaſure ſparkled in his eyes)
I know a Nymph, in whom is join'd
A lovely form and manly mind;
Where Sweetneſs, Senſe, and kind Good-nature,
Conſpicuous ſhines in every feature;
Gay, Witty, Friendly, and Sincere,
In ſhort, each Virtue's center'd here;
She wins all hearts where'er ſhe goes,
Makes all her friends, and finds no foes;
The place that does this Fair-one claim,
Is Cambria—Phillips is her name;
Enough, cries Venus, pray give o'er,
I never thought of her before;
Excuſe me, Cupid, I reſign
My Judgment, and the Triumph's thine;
Since if fair Phillips takes the field,
'Tis vain reſiſting,—all muſt yield.

HUNT.

HUNTING CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

THE orient ſun juſt ting'd the hills with gold,
The dew-drop gliſten'd on each fragrant flower;
The bluſhing Roſe its damaſk leaves unfold,
All Nature feels the vivyfying power;
See for the Chace the Huntſmen all prepar'd,
While at the well-known ſound the pack are chear'd.

AIR.

Now over the hills they the timid Hare chace,
Fly ſwift o'er each meadow its footſteps to trace;
No danger deters them, their way they purſue,
But follow the Dogs, who the game keep in view.

Hark

Hark the playful Lambkins bleat,
Hurry'd from their calm retreat;
Scatter'd o'er the verdant mead,
On the paſture frighted feed;
While the briſk ſounding horn makes the vallies rebound,
Each Mountain, each Grotto, returns the blithe ſound;
The quick-ſcented beagles now ſcower the plains,
And ſeize the poor victim ere covert he gains.
Panting, pale, ſee there he lies,
Faintly gaſps, and inſtant dies.

RECITATIVE.

The breathleſs trophy, now they homeward bear,
While ſhouts triumphant echo thro' the air.

AIR.

And the larks tuneful lay,
Uſhers in the bright day;
And the Sportſmen all join,
With the heart-chearing horn,
To ſalute the fair morn.

On the Death of A

YOUNG LADY.

HITHER ye pitying few your foot-
ſteps turn,
And ſhed a gen'rous tear o'er
D—ng—th's urn;
Who fell in life's gay ſpring, in beauty's bloom,
A hapleſs victim to the ſilent tomb;
But now! in charms reſplendent as the ſun,
In all the pride of lively youth ſhe ſhone,
Her matchleſs merit, was by all admir'd,
And ev'ry heart with ſoft regard inſpir'd;
O call to mind, her wond'rous worth, ye Fair,
Her unaffected charms, and beauty rare;
Wiſdom and mildneſs, native truth and eaſe,
With every ſoft attraction that cou'd pleaſe.

See from afar the funeral pomp appear,
The ſnow-white plumes that deck her Virgin bier!
Enſigns of innocence move ſlow along,
While mournful murmurs whiſper thro' the throng;
In this diſtreſsful ſcene of human woes,
Think what the friend, the lover, undergoes;
Who ſees his hopes of bliſs forever gone,
And every view of diſtant comfort flown;
Penſive he mourns his diſappointed love,
And ſighs till Heaven unites their ſouls abov

THE CHOICE.

WOULD gracious Heaven but deign to hear,
And liſten to my ardent prayer;
On theſe my humble wiſhes ſmile,
'Twould every anxious care beguile;
The firſt great requiſite in life
Is this; a prudent virtuous Wife;
One whoſe engaging charms ſhould be,
From Pride and Affectation free;
Of Temper mild, obliging, kind,
And to her own perfections blind;
Genteel in perſon, and poſſeſt
Of manly ſenſe, to crown the reſt;
Were ſuch a lovely partner mine,
The reſt to Heaven I'd reſign;

Since

Since every ſtate with her would be,
A perfect Paradiſe to me;
But yet would fortune gracious prove,
And for the Fair-one's ſake I love;
If but with wiſhing I could have,
Whate'er my eager heart could crave;
With riches freely I'd diſpenſe,
And only aſk a competence;
Juſt ſuch as would ſufficient be,
To keep from ſad dependance free;
Thus bleſs'd with liberty and health,
Scorn proud ambition, ſordid wealth;
Each year our pleaſures would encreaſe,
And find us happy and at eaſe;
While to augment our fond delight,
A beauteous offspring bleſs our ſight;
By no falſe thirſt of glory fir'd,
Thus would I live a life retir'd;
Time preſſing on would conſtant bring,
New pleaſures on its balmy wing;
And all our days be ever found,
With calm content and virtue crown'd.

FASHION.

A SATIRE.

SAY ~~which~~ what cou'd tempt my raſh adventurous Muſe,
So popular a Theme as this to chuſe;
And in theſe flouriſhing triumphant times,
Abounding with ſuch novelty of crimes;
'Gainſt which ſhe might ſucceſsfully engage,
Say, why ſhould harmleſs Faſhion feel her rage?
Need ſhe be told, it will diſpleaſe the Town,
That Beaux will ſtorm and ſwear, and Belles will frown;
That crouds of Coxcombs join'd with crouds of Fools,
Who only live and breathe but as ſhe rules;
Will in defence of Faſhion's powerful charms,
Beneath fair Folly's banner riſe in arms;
And all unite againſt the impious Wretch,
Who dares the Sovereign of the Souls impeach.

LET

Let them come on, unmov'd I'll meet them all,
Or greatly triumph, or elſe greatly fall;
Belles, Beaux and Coxcombs, let them all unite,
I 'gainſt the mighty hoſt will ſingly fight;
Stripp'd of her tinſell'd pomp, I'll plainly ſhew,
The Queen before whoſe ſhrine they humbly bow;
This idol of their hearts they ſo revere,
Eſteem, and hold ſo dear, ſo very dear;
Of heavieſt infamy deſerves the brand,
And is the curſe, the ruin of the Land.

'Twas firſt where Gallia holds her proud domain,
Where Pride and Poverty united reign;
Where abject Meanneſs o'er each mind preſides,
And powerful Folly every action guides;
That Faſhion glitter'd firſt in ſilken Robe,
And after wandering over half the Globe,
There choſe her throne to fix, convinc'd that there
To be ador'd, ſhe only need appear;
Luxurious, ſoft, their abject ſouls ſeem'd made,
To be by trifles won, by trifles ſway'd;

There plac'd her ſtandard, while in crouds reſort
Her new-found ſubjects to attend her Court;
There ſhe unrivall'd reign'd, till reſtleſs grown,
She ſought to add new kingdoms to her own;
And now her courſe to England ſhe directs,
She came and conquer'd,—all her power reſpects;
With vice ſhe leagues,—her empire takes firm root,
And ſcarce a Briton dares her will diſpute.

Be mine the theme, be mine the taſk to ſhew,
The many ills which from her influence flow;
With freedom tell my thoughts,—let abject fear,
The guilty vex—ſhe has no buſineſs here;
My honeſt Muſe by halves ſhall never ſpeak,
She will be bold, and conſequences take.

Ask the proud Lord, now from the Senate come,
Why he ſo eager ſeeks yon ſpacious Room?
The ſharping 'Squires, the lace-coat Rogues are met,
He half aſleep with tedious dull debates,
Of trifles, which he nothing underſtood,
The Nation's glory, or his Sovereign's good;

To

To join the noble train has ſtole away,
To dear, dear Fortune, his devoirs to pay;
In vain his doors are fill'd with daily duns,
In vain his health—affairs to ruin run;
In vain his Family his care demands,
Far more important bus'neſs fills his hands;
'Tis Faſhion calls, ſhe holds the Dice in view,
He flies—to Honour,—Peace—a long adieu.

Why is a Fair poſſeſs'd of ev'ry charm,
That might with Love the coldeſt boſom warm;
Form'd to allay each Care, to ſweeten Life,
A faithful Friend, and an engaging Wife;
Whoſe converſe cou'd e'en Savages reclaim,
And in their minds awake a ſenſe of ſhame;
Caſt off, neglected, and to ruin left,
Of Peace, of Happineſs fore'er bereft?
Some painted Jilt, expert in every Vice,
The Pandor of his Luſt, his guilty Joys;
Muſt be maintain'd—and whence ariſes this,
Faſhion allows—it cannot be amiſs.

Behold yon wretch, who now expiring lies,
With looks aghaſt,—mark, where his murderer flies;

See with diſtraction how his eye balls roll,
Which plainly ſpeak the horror of his ſoul;
Aſk'ſt thou from whence this fatal ſtroke proceeds?
Thro' a falſe ſenſe of honour 'tis he bleeds;
And he whoſe hapleſs arm his being ends,
Was once his beſt, the deareſt of his friends;
Around the ſocial glaſs diſputes aroſe,
Each breaſt with rage and wild intemperance glows;
The lye's retorted, ſtreight the ſword's unſheath'd,
By Cleon ſlain, his laſt Eugenio breath'd;
The Conqueror from the face of Juſtice flies,
While kill'd with grief, his aged Parent dies;
In vain this ſad Example's ſet in view,
Faſhion commands, her laws men ſtill purſue.

From crimes to foibles now the Muſe proceeds,
And Fools to Villains in their turn ſucceed;
Alike their ſhallow Wits the Goddeſs guides,
But o'er the Fair with double force preſides;
She makes the tradeſman dear Cheapſide to quit,
To dwell near Hackney in ſome ſnug retreat;

She

She makes his Spouſe to Balls, Aſſemblies run,
Until by mad Extravagance undone
He ſhines, a Bankrupt—and his wretched fate,
Trac'd to its ſource, from Faſhion he may date.

'Mong Fops, and Belles, it reigns with ſure ſucceſs,
Who plunge with pleaſure into each exceſs;
With one accord before their idol bow,
And act as ſhe commands,—no matter how;
They're Apes of Taſte, they're faſhionable Frights,
As Fancy guides them, or the Mode invites;
By Faſhion ſway'd, they heaven's great work deform,
And ſeem to think that uglineſs can charm.

Behold yon Strippling, with what grace he ſwears,
Ere yet his chin the down of manhood wears;
Talks of his Horſes, Whores, of Wine and Dice,
An adept in each faſhionable Vice;
Tottering beneath the load of helpleſs age,
Our notice next old Hircus does engage;

Array'd in all the Rainbow's various dies,
With that young Fop in every thing he vies;
Maintains a Miſtreſs, not that paſſion fires,
For rather years like his, a Nurſe requires;
No, Faſhion orders,—he her laws will keep,
The advantages, who will for him, may reap.

HERE ſtop my Muſe, the hateful theme give o'er,
For wouldſt thou every different Vice explore
Which ſprings from Faſhion, know the tedious talk,
Like Troy's long ſiege, a ten years toil would aſk;
Nay, be unfiniſh'd and imperfect then,
And needs the aid of ſome more able Pen;
Fools will be Fools, whatever thou canſt ſay,
And vicious men contemn thy well-meant Lay;
Ceaſe then on them to ſpend thy uſeleſs Rage,
And let more pleaſing Strains thy Mind engage.

A

RAMBLE

BY

MOONLIGHT.

NOW far remov'd be Folly's flattering train,
Nor interrupt my melancholy ſtrain;
Let her to Courts her deſtin'd way direct,
For there ſhe never fails to meet reſpect;
Let Faſhion in her rainbow robe array'd,
At whoſe high ſhrine continual worſhip's paid;
Whoſe power ten thouſand Myriads kneeling own,
And offer daily incenſe at her Throne.

With

With the loud revels of intemperate joy,
Companions of the Joy crowned Boy;
Far from the haunts of meditation ſtray,
While undiſturb'd the Muſe purſues her lay.

BUT come Melpomene, ſweet penſive Maid,
Attend my ſteps to yon ſequeſter'd ſhade;
There now the evening ſtar its influence ſheds,
And o'er the village Night her mantle ſpreads;
Here let us ruminating ſit and talk,
Or by yon riv'let as we walk;
Charm'd with the freſhneſs of the fragrant fields,
Enjoy the pleaſures melancholy yields;
The tranquil joys which from Retirement flow,
That ſource of real happineſs below.

Now thro' yon row of aged Elms I rove,
And ſeek the ſilent ſolitary Grove;
No ſound is heard throughout the peaceful plain,
Save Philomela's ſweetly penſive ſtrain;
Or the pure limpid rill which guſhing flows,
Down the ſteep rock meandering as it goes;
Entranc'd my ſoul the aweful ſcene explores,
And on the wings of Contemplation ſoars;

Let's

Let's looſe Reflexion, and with Fancy fraught,
Unchains the Mind, and gives a ſcope to
Thought.
Let Darkneſs fill the guilty breaſt with fears,
For me a thouſand pleaſing charms it wears;
Much do I prize the ſolemn hour of night,
Excurſions fraught with infinite delight;
When as to Heaven I raiſe my wondering eyes,
And view the ſilver Moon and ſpangled Skies;
Methinks I ſee my much-lov'd Delia there;
And in this ſorrowful and ſad employ,
Poſſeſs a melancholy kind of joy;
As it ſtill ſerves to furniſh food for grief,
And gives the burthen'd ſoul a ſhort relief;
She looks as conſcious of the pangs I feel,
Which ſpite of all my care I can't conceal;
Points out the ſcenes of everlaſting bliſs,
Her happy lot for ever to poſſeſs;
And kindly ſtrives my troubled heart to chear,
And bids me wipe away the falling tear;
But all in vain, for O while Life remains,
While its warm current flows within my veins;
So long, dear Maid, thy Memory will live,
Since only Death can make me ceaſe to grieve;

Till

Till when, the weeping Muſe ſhall yearly pay,
To worth like thine, a tributary lay.

AND now a moſs-grown Cave attracts my view,
Fearleſs my way with ſpeed I there purſue;
Arriv'd, I curious ſearch the ſolemn cell,
And think that once ſome Hermit here might dwell;
And haply ſtill ſome Records I may find,
Remains of knowledge, he has left behind;
That beſt of knowledge, from experience penn'd,
So dear when got, ſo difficult obtain'd;
Nor are my wiſhes vain, in this retreat,
On a ſmooth ſtone engrav'd theſe lines I meet.

WHOE'ER thou art, whoſe ſteps may chance to rove,
Thro' the thick maze of this ſequeſter'd grove;
And reach this humble Manſion—here be told,
Dwelt when alive Theagenor the old;
Who of misfortune's bitter cup drank deep,
And if at others woes thy heart can weep;
Here drop a pitying tear,—once gracious Heaven,
To me had every choiceſt bleſſing given;

A charm-

A charming Mate, a ſmiling offspring Fair,
In India's Climes, tho' here I firſt drew air;
In glad compliance to a Sire's command,
We all embark'd for Britain's happy land;
Long while our ſails with proſperous gales were fill'd,
Elate with joy we Albion's Clifts beheld;
Now adverſe winds perplex a tempeſt roſe,
And oh, unhappy chance, unequall'd woes;
My wife and little babes were all, all loſt,
And I alone of all the crew was toſt;
By chance near this retreat, where threeſcore years
I liv'd, and for their fate ſhed conſtant tears;
Till Heaven diſpleas'd in viſions let me know,
Obedience to its will from man was due;
That they tho' parted from me, were more bleſt,
And lull'd in pity, all my cares to reſt;
And now my ſoul its wonted eaſe regain'd,
Tho' ſtill a pleaſing penſiveneſs remain'd;
Fruits all my food, my couch the humble ground,
My hours with peace and calm content were crown'd.

THUS did I ſpend the evening of my days,
In Meditation and my Maker's praiſe;
Ere from this cell—O ſtranger you depart,
Imprint this uſeful moral on your heart;
Know, ~~Conſcience~~ Conſcience, Innocence, Religion pure,
Can every adverſe ſtroke of fortune cure.

PLEAS'D with th' inſtructive Leſſon, wrapt in thought,
The Cave I left with tender pity fraught;
And now the Moon in heighten'd luſtre ſhone,
And the bright ſtars proclaim'd it night's fair noon;
Homeward I ſtray acroſs the flow'ry meads,
The pleaſing Ramble gentle ſleep ſucceeds.

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

WHEN Venus, by her conqu'ring eyes,
From Paris had obtain'd the prize;
With beating heart elate with joy,
She thus addreſt her darling Boy;
My Cupid in this bliſsful hour,
Let's haſte to yonder roſy bower;
And there beneath the Myrtle's ſhade,
Aſſemble every beauteous Maid;
The faireſt and the beſt ſhall be,
Choſe out to rule the World for me;

Content

Content myſelf o'er Gods to reign,
They ſhall my power on earth maintain.

OBEDIENT to the lovely Dame,
The little God to London came;
Where all the Fair and Gay reſort,
And where the Graces keep their court;
Acquainted well with every Fair,
To find them coſt him little care;
Alighted firſt in R****** Street,
Two charming Nymphs he chanc'd to meet;
Unknown at firſt, but drawing nigher,
Miſs N***y, and Miſs P***y P***r;
When having heard the Queen's command,
They with him went both hand in hand.

NEXT D****, K****h, H****h, Y****g,
Conſpicuous ſhone amidſt the throng;
Miſs A**** too among the reſt,
By real worth a place poſſeſt;
Nor was there many could excel,
The blooming fair-enchanting F***;
The brilliant Cavalcade compleat,
Dan Cupid ſounded a retreat;

In

In Chariots ſeated drawn by doves,
They reach'd with ſpeed th' Idalian groves;
The Goddeſs ſmil'd, and thus her ſon,
In order with his charge begun.

BEHOLD, Mamma, this beauteous Pair,
Well worth your moſt exalted care;
In both ſuch charms ſuch ſweetneſs ſhine,
They ſeem not mortal, but divine;
Fair P—r—s you yourſelf muſt own,
Would add a luſtre to a throne;
Their minds with Virtue, Learning ſtor'd,
By all admir'd, belov'd, ador'd.
Next, Madam, comes this lovely Fair,
Behold her ſhape! her mien! her air!
'Tis K******k, who has often been,
Miſtook by men for Beauty's Queen;
At this aſide the Goddeſs turn'd,
While envy in her boſom burn'd;
That ſhe who late the prize had won,
Should be again ſo ſoon outdone.

MISS D******h then put in her claim,
For ſhare of univerſal fame;

'Tis true, Mamma, the Urchin cries,
Thoſe pair of ſparkling piercing eyes,
Have ſpread their influence far and near,
And made mankind her power revere;
With undiſputed ſway ſhe reigns,
While all are proud to wear her chains.

NEXT H*****h, where all virtues meet,
The ornament of D*****k Street;
Whoſe lovely ſweet enchanting ſmiles,
Each heart inſenſibly beguiles;
The Goddeſs view'd her and confeſt,
She ev'ry killing charm poſſeſt;
Till then ſhe thought no mortal e'er
Could be ſo charming, good and fair;
But who is that pray? (Venus cry'd,)
'Tis F**l, Mamma, the God reply'd;
There dwells Good-nature, Virtue, Truth,
With all the charms of blooming youth;
Her modeſt air, and manners ſweet,
From all, eſteem and praiſes meet.

ENGAGING A***** next came on,
Diffuſing radiance like the ſun;

Her

Her ſhape, her mien, regard inſpire,
All gaze with tranſport and admire;
Not Sickneſs ſelf can e'er efface,
Or hide from view each ſparkling grace;
Her languid Air but more invites,
And ſoftneſs gives unknown delights.

Now Venus ſearching through the crowd,
Thus to her Cupid call'd aloud;
What means, young Sir, this ſad neglect,
Of one who claims your beſt reſpect;
Amidſt the numbers which are here,
Pray why does D****n not appear?
That lovely Maid deſerves my care,
Nor need ſhe yield to any Fair;
But go, and in my Chariot plac'd,
Here let her be convey'd in haſte;
He bluſhing bow'd, and ſwift as thought,
The charming Nymph he inſtant brought;
Struck with her bright refulgent charms,
Her air e'en Envy's ſelf diſarms;
When as the little God began,
To make her many beauties known;
Your taſk, cries Venus, you may ſpare,
I know each Virtue's center'd here;

And ſhould you ev'ry power exert,
Of what ſhe merits t'would fall ſhort.

THIS done, the leſſer Beauty's came,
And paid their homage to the Dame;
The Goddeſs ev'ry Nymph careſt,
And thus the brilliant train addreſt;
" Since I this happy day have been,
" Proclaim'd of Love and Beauty Queen;
" Inferior Fair-one's hear my voice,
" Nor dare to murmur at my choice;
" Pay to my orders due reſpect,
" And honour thoſe I here ſelect;
" Theſe Seven I chuſe o'er all to reign,
" To them I give my free domain;
" They with ſuperior luſtre crown'd,
" Shall ſpread their conqueſts all around;
" Mankind will own their powerful ſway,
" And all with chearfulneſs obey.

THE LOVER's CONSOLATION.

ADDRESSED TO MISS *******.

FOND fooliſh Youth! thus Reaſon cry'd,
Thou willing ſlave to Woman's pride;
O loſt to Knowledge, Life and Fame!
Ariſe and quit th' inglorious flame;
No more to vain deluſions blind,
Recall her broken vows to mind;
Think how the fair deceitful Maid,
By flatt'ring words your heart betray'd;
With charms too powerful lull'd ſecure,
She then aſſum'd a Tyrant's power;
And ſcorn'd thoſe vows ſhe once approv'd,
And what your crime? too well you lov'd;

Too true, indeed, reply'd the Swain,
Yet ſtill I drag my galling chain;
Her fond idea in my breaſt,
I fear can ne'er be diſpoſſeſt;
Ungenerous treatment gives diſtreſs,
But yet not makes my paſſion leſs;
Reflection ſoon the Fair muſt ſhow,
The Torments that I undergo;
Her heart with tender pity move,
And in the end reward my Love;
Tho' wretched, yet not quite bereft
Of Joy, ſince ſmiling Hope is left.

MARYBONE.

A POEM.

RECLIN'D beneath a Myrtle's fragrant ſhade;
Supine I lay and begg'd the Muſes aid;
To grace my Verſe, to animate my lays,
And deck my temples with one ſprig of bays;
Nor let a votary of thy tuneful train,
Divine Apollo, ſue and ſue in vain;
But chiefly do I bow before thy ſhrine,
Thalia, faireſt of th' harmonious Nine;
To thee my ardent vows, my prayers belong,
The rural Muſe beſt ſuits my artleſs Song.

WHO will for me may wrangle and diſpute,
Or cenſure Chatham, or revile at Bute;

Placemen on Placemen may ſucceſſive riſe,
And I behold them with indiff'rent eyes;
To others I reſign affairs of State,
Content on humble topics to debate;
To ſing of limpid Rills, and verdant Meads,
The happy life the ſimple Shepherd leads;
The Loves of rural Nymphs and Swains rehearſe,
And ſhew their paſtimes in my ruſtic verſe;
Conſcious of want of powers I build no claim,
Nor ever think to reach the goal of Fame;
Thanks to my ſtars, by fate, not forc'd to write,
Nor that, or intereſt, does my care invite;
The Critic's utmoſt rage I dare defy,
And ſcorn to condeſcend their ſmiles to buy;
Whether by them I'm cenſur'd or approv'd,
It matters not,—I ſtill remain unmov'd.

NEAR where Auguſta's lofty turrets riſe,
Whoſe gilded ſpires ſeem loſt within the ſkies;
A little village ſtands, to all well known,
And call'd, for many ages,—Marybone.
Since Cooper's Hill, her Denham's praiſe obtain'd,
And Windſor Forreſt, Pope's attention gain'd;
Be mine the taſk this humble ſpot to trace,
From its firſt riſe, down to its preſent days.

WHEN

When with oppreſſive, and with iron hand,
The bigot Mary rul'd this hapleſs land;
When by miſtaken, furious, zeal miſled,
Unnumber'd holy Martyrs daily bled;
And party rage with blood the nation fill'd,
Here the vindictive Queen her palace held;
Far as the ſight extends, the ſcenes diſcloſe,
Where towering Woods, and ſtately Parks aroſe;
Here with a tribe of Prieſts, a ſervile race,
Void of Religion, Virtue, and of Grace;
Her days ſhe ſpent, by pious fraud miſled,
Of helpleſs Proteſtants the ſcourge and dread;
Miſcall'd the Good, which name the place bears now,
Tho' ſhe ſmall claim cou'd to that Title ſhew.
But thus it is, when Vice bears powerful ſway,
Virtue itſelf, to that, muſt then give way;
And what by Reaſon wou'd be reckon'd crimes,
Is look'd on laudable in vicious times.

Now chang'd by age, each former ſcene appears,
And the whole view a different aſpect wears;

E'en

E'en on the ſpot, where ſuperſtition reign'd,
And Gothic ignorance the rule maintain'd;
Has ſcience form'd a School, and Learning there,
In all its pride, expands her bloſſoms fair;
Nor ſhall the Muſe * Fontaine thy praiſe neglect,
Merit like thine, from all demands reſpect;
While the young blooming train to thee aſſign'd,
To form their Judgments, and enlarge their Minds;
Diſplay ſuch Virtues,—they proclaim at large,
How well thou quit'ſt thyſelf, of this high charge.

HERE as we wander, loſt in thought profound,
Where e'er we ſtray, we tread enchanted ground;
A thouſand beauties ſtrike the wond'ring ſight,
And every ſenſe abſorb'd in ſoft delight;
Hark! what harmonious ſounds ſalute the ears!
Sweet as the muſic of the tuneful ſpheres;
While Art and Nature both with care combine,
To make the charming fair Retreat divine;
If pains to pleaſe deſerves applauſe, to you,
O Lowe! the public thanks are ſurely due;
Who

* Maſter of a Boarding School, where the Palace formerly ſtood.

Who with unceaſing, and unwearied care,
Hath made this ſpot a Paradice appear;
While in each elegant improvement made,
Is thy diſcernment, and good taſte diſplay'd.

HERE Urns, and Vaſes ſtand, and there appears,
* A Hermit bent beneath the weight of years;
See where he ſits retir'd within his Cave,
O'er hung with rocks, that ſeem a living grave;
When as impreſs'd with fear, and ſilent awe,
To hail the aged Sire we nearer draw;
The fine deception then amaz'd we view,
No form is found, but what the Painter drew;
If for the ſhades retir'd the ring we quit,
In every walk ſome novelty we meet;
There ſtands a flight of ſteps, we wiſh to mount,
And taſte the freſhneſs of the limpid fount;
But ſoon a cloſe inſpection plainly proves,
'Tis all enchantment in theſe charming groves.

IN ſimple grandeur, here a Temple ſtands,
Which juſt attention from the Muſe demands;
Here

* Alluding to a Painting there.

Here Shakeſpear's honour'd image ſtands confeſt,
With Handel's, who like him by Heaven was bleſt;
Their Merit, which to lateſt time will live,
Aſks more applauſe, than human powers can give;
Who like harmonious Handel tun'd the Lyre
Like Shakeſpear, who ſuch paſſions cou'd inſpire?
The Pride and Glory of their age they liv'd,
And dying, both, immortal fame receiv'd.

To this ſweet ſpot, when Sol retires to reſt,
And ſtreaks with orient gold the ruddy Weſt;
Here Britiſh Youths, and Britiſh Nymphs repair,
The gay amuſements of the place to ſhare;
See round th' Orcheſtra how in crouds they throng,
The ſprightly band precedes the jocund ſong;
And now their favourite Lowe their notice draws,
Hearts, hands and voices, ſpeak their loud applauſe;
Still in that voice what melody remains!
What lively humour animates his ſtrains!

Their

Their lov'd Macheath with joy they gladly view,
And worth for once receives the praiſe that's due.

But hark! what ſounds are thoſe? what Siren notes?
Which on the wings of Zephyrs lightly floats?
'Tis charming Vincent tunes her mellow lay,
While the rapp'd ſoul in tranſport dies away;
Huſh'd is each wind, compos'd each ruffling breeze,
The feather'd Choir perch'd on the neighb'ring trees;
Soon as they hear her, ceaſe the ſoothing tale,
Salute their ſiſter Songſtreſs of the Vale.

Next lovely Davis, bleſt with ev'ry charm,
Divinely warbles, and each breaſt doth warm;
Silent we gaze in mute ſuſpence quite loſt,
Dubious which claims our praiſe and wonder moſt;
Her voice than plaintive Philomel more ſweet,
Or all the Graces in her form that meet.

Unus'd to public life, impreſs'd with fear,
With pleaſing Notes, next Gibbons ſtrikes the Ear;
O wou'd ſhe learn her powers to higher prize,
Which others view with ſuch indulgent eyes;
And ſtrive to overcome this diffidence,
Who wou'd to favour have more warm pretence?

Here when pale Cynthia ſheds her ſilver ray,
In Contemplation loſt, I often ſtray;
Wherever fancy leads, I freely rove,
Or through the Mead, or ſeek the ſilent grove;
Of Primroſe Hill the pleaſing ſummit gain,
From whence the ſight commands the neighb'ring plain;
There, while in Cities, Vice and Folly ſleeps,
My mind well pleas'd, her nightly Vigil keeps;
There the poor Cottager contented reſts,
Whoſe honeſt, virtuous Soul no guilt moleſts;
To Heaven reſign'd, on freſh ſtrewn ſtraw he lies,
And ſweeteſt ſlumbers cloſe his weary eyes;
While uncompos'd upon their beds of ſtate,
Ambitious reſtleſs cares diſturb the Great;

One

One ſcene of hurry their whole lives appear,
Nights void of ſleep, and Days ſtrong mark'd
with care.

WHERE'ER we rove, where'er we turn our
eyes,
Still verdant Meads, and flow'ry Hills ariſe;
Fair fertile fields, kind Ceres' bounty ſhews,
While the warm heart with grateful ardor glows;
To ſee the bleſſings which unnumber'd ſpring
From Heaven's rich Bounty, and the beſt of
Kings;
When future harveſt doth his care employ,
How does the Farmer view, with heart-felt joy!
What bliſs the Sweets of Liberty affords,
Himſelf dependant on no ſervile Lords!
How doth he bleſs the kind indulgent powers,
Who gild with independence all his hours.

AND you, ye Great, ye giddy reſtleſs fools,
Whom faction more than Patriotiſm rules;
If ye indeed your Country's welfare prize,
Say, whence thoſe endleſs private feuds ariſe?
No more let Intereſt o'er each Act preſide,
No more let Intereſt all your Councils guide.

Muſt

Muſt Party-rage its empire always hold?
And muſt, for Wealth, fair Freedom ſtill be ſold?
O bluſh for ſhame! Is this the duty due?
Is this what to the general good ye owe?
Once more unite, be this the common cauſe,
Defend our Liberties, maintain our Laws.

Lo Learning dies! O raiſe her drooping head!
And let to merit due regard be paid;
So ſhall fair Science rear her laſting Throne,
So 'midſt the poor ſhall Plenty's ſweets be known;
Britain the envy of her foes engage,
And this with truth be ſtyl'd the Golden Age.

Ere Marybone, thy charming ſhades I leave,
O Lowe! the wiſhes of a friend receive;
Since like a Phœnix from its aſhes roſe,
Again this place with every Beauty glows;
O may the Public view, with kind regard,
Thy wiſh to pleaſe them, and thy pains reward;
Then in deſpite of Time's deſtroying hand,
Triumphant ſtill this little ſpot ſhall ſtand.

SONG.

SONG.

SUNG by Mrs. VINCENT.

I.

WINTER's gone, the Sylvan ſcene
Again is deck'd in verdant green;
Now thro' ev'ry bloſſoming buſh,
Chearful chaunts the tuneful Thruſh;
The Lark in ſoft melodious ſtrains,
Sweetly warbles o'er the plains;
While thus the feather'd ſongſters ſing,
Hail! all Hail! O bounteous Spring.

II.

See the blooming troop advance,
Joining in the feſtive Dance;

As they trip the mazy rounds,
Hark! the ſprightly tabor ſounds;
Thro' the flower-enamell'd vale,
Fragrance fills the roſy gale;
Flora all her ſweets doth bring,
Uſhering in the beauteous Spring.

III.

Stretch'd beneath the hawthorn ſhade,
See the happy Shepherd laid;
Sportive flocks around him play,
Ever frolick, free and gay;
O'er the hill, and thro' the mead,
Breathes the flute and rural reed;
Nature ſmiling, ſeems to ſing,
Hail! all Hail! O beauteous Spring.

SPARKLING CHAMPAIGNE.

SUNG by Mr. LOWE.

YE dull thinking ſouls who by troubles are preſt,
That are ſtrangers alike both to joy and to reſt;
Adhere to my maxims, I'll teach you the way,
To be ever contented, good-humour'd and gay;
No remedy's ſurer to drive away pain,
Than a bumper of Claret, or Sparkling Champaigne.

Ye Lovers who live by the ſmiles of the Fair,
Whom a frown from your Miſtreſs can drive to deſpair;
Should ſhe chance to prove peeviſh, ill-natur'd or ſhy,
Why leave her alone, and ne'er flatter or ſigh;

Deſpiſe all her arts, and forget her diſdain,
In a bumper of Claret, or Sparkling Champaigne.

When the Huſband is jealous, or dull and unkind,
Let his Spouſe give him this, and ſhe'll ſpeedily find
His mind 'twill enliven, his care 'twill remove,
And wake in his boſom the tranſports of Love;
At a change ſo inviting, what Wife could refrain,
From bleſſing the virtues of Sparkling Champaigne.

In ſhort, for all ills that mankind can endure,
This this is the ſureſt, the pleaſanteſt cure;
Then let us agree, ſince this life's but a ſpan,
To enjoy the dear bleſſing as long as we can;
For me while I've breath I will never refrain,
From ſinging the praiſes of Sparkling Champaigne.

A

PASTORAL ELEGY.

NOW Evening clad in robes of duſky grey,
O'er half the world its ſable Empire holds;
The Lab'rer homewards bends his weary way,
And flocks recumbent reſt within their folds.

When young Philander, long by Love oppreſt,
Beneath the ſhade of yon wide ſpreading Oak;
While ſad Deſpair alarm'd his grief-ſtung breaſt,
In plaintive voice, and broken ſighs thus ſpoke.

O Daphne, charming, but ah! faithleſs Maid,
Oh hither turn thy lovely eyes, and ſee
A hapleſs Youth, by thy fond arts betray'd,
And plung'd in endleſs ſcenes of miſery.

Inconſtant! ſay, what had Philander done?
That thus relentleſs, you his vows diſdain;
Deſpiſe the conqueſt which your charms have won,
And hear unmov'd a once-lov'd Youth complain.

Can my bleſt Rival happy Damon boaſt,
A paſſion more ſincere, more firm than mine;
By what offence have I your favour loſt,
That now unheeded, I neglected pine.

Urg'd by my wrongs, I've often ſtrove to prove,
If abſence wou'd my hapleſs flame controul;
Alas! I found 'twas hard to conquer Love,
Whoſe ſeat like mine was planted in the ſoul.

E'er

E'er you, falſe Fair, my breaſt with hope inſpir'd,
Serene and happy in my calm retreat;
Free from all care, content, I liv'd retir'd,
Nor ever felt the adverſe ſtroke of fate.

Each vernal Grove my tuneful lays have heard,
Each Grot reſounded with my vocal ſtrains;
My oaten Reed, the village Band oft chear'd,
My Pipe melodious eccho'd thro' the Plains.

But now how chang'd! how different is the ſcene,
Since other thoughts my troubled mind employ;
Then what avails, how bleſt I once have been,
Now my ſad heart is robb'd of every joy.

Who knows? perhaps e'en now the faithleſs Maid,
Of me forgetful in her Damon's arms;
Repeats the vows that once to me were paid,
And unto him reſigns her blooming charms.

With Phrenzy fir'd, and maddening at the thought,
Philander roſe, and by the Moon's pale gleam;
With mind reſolv'd, and eager haſte he ſought,
To gain the margin of a neighb'ring ſtream.

Fill'd with deſpair he reach'd the roaring flood,
For O! too well did fate his footſteps guide;
Thrice call'd on Daphne as he weeping ſtood,
Then headlong plung'd into the rapid tide.

THE BATCHELOR's DELIBERATION.

A PARODY of the Soliloquy of HAMLET, (To be or Not to be) verſified.

MY anxious mind is torn with doubtful ſtrife,
While hopes and fears alternate vex my life;
Whether 'twere beſt to act the Stoic's part,
And bar fond Love all entrance to the heart;
Or with ſome Fair in wedlock's ſacred bands,
Our Hearts united join our willing hands;
Happy awhile the pleaſing ſcene may ſeem,
But will not time evince, 'tis all a Dream.
The dread of this awhile ſuſpends our fate,
Leſt venturing raſhly we repent too late;
Who wou'd a ſtate of Celibacy chuſe,
And the ſweet joys of intercourſe refuſe;

Suſ-

Suſtain th' unnumber'd jeers and taunts of wit,
Or to a ſad unſocial Life ſubmit;
When he himſelf might calm each throbbing pain,
And charm all ills with Hymen's golden chain;
Who wou'd in ſingle ſheets groan out the night,
Stranger alike to reſt, and ſoft delight;
But that the mind ſome future ills deplore,
And makes us fear to tread th' adventurous ſhore;
When ſolemn death alone can give releaſe,
Free us from trouble, and reſtore our peace;
This makes us rather bear the ills we know,
Than raſhly venture on new ſcenes of woe;
Reflexion thus makes Cowards of us all,
And dread of cares unſeen our minds appall;
Charges and Diſcord, Jealouſy and Strife,
Ills which all center in the name of Wife;
Theſe to avoid, a ſingle life we chuſe,
By Prudence urg'd to ſhun the Marriage nooſe.

To the AUTHOR of the

BATCHELOR's DELIBERATION.

SAY, deareſt Youth, why this tedious debate,
Theſe Hopes and theſe Fears, this Love and this Hate;
Since Hymen at once might determine your fate?
Diſtant ſeen danger oft potent appears,
To melt timid Women and Cowards in tears;
But a Hero methinks ſhou'd more firmneſs diſplay,
Nor meanly a ſymptom of weakneſs betray;
The trial by curing each paſſion's extremes,
Will prove that his fears were nothing but Dreams;
While pleaſures untaſted his courage repays,
And chaces in friendſhip the reſt of his days.

To

To MISS ——.

UNJUSTLY, my Fair, you your cenſure beſtow,
The Reflections I made I'm afraid are too true;
For how ſeldom alas! in wedlock is found,
Thoſe pleaſures ſerene in which Batch'lors abound.
Tho' tempting the proſpect may ſeem to the ſight,
And marriage appears one whole ſcene of delight;
So inviting the path ſome are tempted to try,
But alas, Ma'am, how ſoon thoſe deluſions all fly;
The raptures ſo great, to indiff'rence ſoon turn,
And what once gave them tranſport, they then view with ſcorn.
Here methinks you begin, pray, Sir, whoſe fault is this?
'Tis your Sex alone, who deſtroy their own bliſs;
So fickle their minds, and ſo given to roam,
They ſeek pleaſure abroad, and neglect it at home;
Too harden'd to be from their follies reclaim'd,
And then to be ſure we poor Women are blam'd;
But hold, my dear Madam, one moment I pray,
We are ſometimes to blame, but yet I muſt ſay;

While

While Ladies ſo vain beſtow leſs of their care,
In adorning their minds, than in dreſſing their hair;
All Knowledge deſpiſe, and all Learning refuſe,
This alone is ſufficient our faults to excuſe;
For tho' Beauty at firſt our attention may move,
'Tis not that alone can inſure laſting Love;
Were all like Eliza poſſeſs'd of the power,
With Beauty to charm us, and Senſe to ſecure;
Our Sex wou'd with Joy all embrace Hymen's chain,
As a certain reward for our troubles and pain;
But ſince there alas! are ſo few to be found,
With ſuch ſoft attractions, ſuch excellence crown'd;
Dan Cupid in vain all his efforts may try,
For my Freedom I'll keep, and a Batchelor die.

To MR. G. T.

CEASE potent Victor to purſue,
Th' already humbled Foe;
Let not ambition urge thee on,
To ſtrike the fatal blow.

In

In terms as gentle as thy ſtrains,
The Conquer'd ſues for Peace;
Then let not power from thy breaſt,
The beams of mercy chace;

The God whoſe aid I've ſought in vain,
Propitious ſmiles on you;
Poſſeſs'd of his prevailing force,
'Tis eaſy to ſubdue.

Then ceaſe, dear Youth, no more contend,
Your ſtrength is amply ſhewn;
The laurell'd conteſt I give o'er,
Since Clio's all your own.

To MISS ——.

WHILE you too partial, flattering Maid,
The laurel wreath reſign;
The very effort that you make,
Still more confirms it thine.

The

The mercy you require from me,
Of you I muſt demand;
The melting ſtrains in which you write,
What mortal can withſtand?

Unjuſtly does your Muſe complain,
And bright Apollo wrong;
To all it plainly muſt appear,
'Tis he inſpires your Song.

Fair Clio's influence I deny,
Her potent aid refuſe;
You who excel the tuneful Nine,
Alone inſpire my Muſe.

ODE

O D E

On the Birth Day of

M I S S C. H.

SHALL beauteous H******'s natal day,
Unheeded paſs unſung away,
Forbid it every Muſe;
Unſkill'd in verſe, yet ſtill I'll try,
In humble Strains to ſpeak my joy,
If ſhe'll th' attempt excuſe.

In all the bloom of gay Eighteen,
With blooming charms, enchanting mien,
Behold the Fair advance;
Now warbling forth ſeraphic notes,
On muſic's wing, then light ſhe floats,
And joins the feſtive dance.

With

With tranſport fill'd, and ſecret pride,
Her Parents ſee, nor ſtrive to hide
Their Joy, as they review
Scenes long ſince paſt, when artleſs, young,
'Twas thus they danc'd, 'twas thus they ſung,
And time with rapture flew.

Now happy in a numerous race,
Endow'd with every ſmiling grace,
To Heaven their eyes they raiſe;
Each ſmiling Cherub pleas'd explore,
In ſilence every power adore,
And join in mutual praiſe.

Hear Heaven propitious now attend,
My ardent, fervent wiſh befriend,
And all that's good pour down;
On lovely C———tte may ſhe live,
Each Year new pleaſures to receive,
And mirth her minutes crown.

...mber'd Birth Days may ſhe ſhare,
...t her know one moment's care,
... her mind no troubles move;
...r's fair health, and ſmiling peace,
...tment calm, and tranquil eaſe,
And conſtant laſting love.

...ince that mortals here below,
...erfect happineſs can know,
... Hymen's rites are ſcorn'd;
...nce to crown the Fair-one's bliſs,
...band may ſhe ſoon poſſeſs,
With Virtue, Truth adorn'd.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. TAYLOR.

BACCHUS God of joys divine,
Be thy pleaſures ever mine;
Smile on this thy vot'rys pray'r,
All beſides not worth my care;
All our grief briſk Wine diſpels,
Drinking every trouble quells.

When the Goblet full is fill'd,
From the cluſt'ring Vine diſtill'd;
Then indeed I'm truly bleſt,
And each anxious thought at reſt;
While its potent juice I quaff,
Still I drink and ſing and laugh.

Would ye be for ever gay,
Mortals learn of me the way;
'Tis not Beauty, 'tis not Love,
Will alone ſufficient prove;
If you'd raiſe, and charm the ſoul,
Deeply drain the ſpicy bowl.

A SONG.

YE rural ſcenes, ye bleſt retreats,
Secure from all alarms;
Within whoſe boſom peace we meet,
And Solitude's ſweet charms;
No more ſhall courts my fancy move,
Here calm content is known;
And bliſs ſincere and conſtant love,
Have fix'd their laſting throne.

Beneath the myrtle's fragrant boughs,
Behold the Fair reclin'd;
While liſt'ning to her ſhepherds vows,
Her looks declare her mind;

The truth ſhe wiſhes not to hide,
Or check the generous flame;
But with a lovely modeſt pride,
Her ſoft regard proclaims.

The feather'd ſongſters of the air,
Attune their little throats;
And warbling ſoft their love declare,
In ſweet melodious notes;
All nature chearful ſmiling round,
Here hither bids us haſte;
Where virtuous pleaſure's only found,
And joys that ever laſt.

A

SONG.

SUNG by Mrs. GIBBONS.

A CAPTIVE long young Damon ſu'd,
To Flavia's conqu'ring eyes;
Yet tho' in tendereſt terms he woo'd,
The Maid his ſuit denies;
With tranſport he her beauty's prais'd,
Her charms enraptur'd ſung;
But ſtill ſhe cry'd, I wont be teaz'd,
Pray Damon hold your tongue.

Behold around yon Oak he cry'd,
The friendly Ivy twine;
On one bright ſtem in all their pride,
See there two roſe-buds join'd;

All,

A SONG.

All, all declare and ſeem to ſay,
My vows you ſlight too long;
Yet ſtill ſhe frowning, anſwered nay,
And bid him hold his tongue.

Reſolv'd one laſt attempt to make,
The Youth again eſſay'd;
On Love he call'd his part to take,
And thus addreſt the Maid;
Let Hymen now our hands unite,
To Church let's haſte along;
She ſmiling anſwered, now you're right,
And need not hold your tongue.

A

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. VINCENT.

OH Love thou painful pleaſing ſmart,
Whoſe reſtleſs cares diſturb my heart;
What thrilling fears, what fond alarms,
Are theſe, that now my boſom warms?
My Damon ſure my lovely Youth,
Can never wrong my virgin truth;
His vows are true, and ſee my Swain,
Enraptur'd comes o'er yonder plain;
Be ſtill my heart, be huſh'd each fear,
I'm happy now my Shepherd's near.

DELIA.

DELIA.

A PASTORAL,

In memory of the much-lamented Death of

MISS K***Y D*NGW***H.

ATTEND all ye Nymphs and ye Swains,
O liſten awhile to my lay;
Tho' penſive and languid my ſtrains,
Time was I like you too was gay;
But now my heart's bleeding with grief,
And pleaſure is fled from my ſight;
There's nothing can give me relief,
There's nothing can give me delight.

Do ye aſk whence my troubles proceed,
Why thus I continue to weep;
And why ſcatter'd over the Mead,
Unheeded I leave my poor ſheep;

Reflect

Reflect and ye cannot but gueſs,
The reaſon that makes me ſo dull;
I cannot the cauſe well expreſs,
My heart, my poor heart is ſo full.

Don't ye know that my Delia is dead,
That this was the day that ſhe dy'd;
Tho' a twelvemonth is flown o'er my head,
Yet ſtill I my ſorrows can't hide;
Yes, e'en in the bloom of her charms,
When crown'd the fair Queen of the May;
Stern Death from my eager fond arms,
Alas! cruelly tore her away.

Ah Shepherds and Nymphs half ſo fair,
You know my dear Delia I find;
For I ſee in each eye a ſoft tear,
And truſt me I take it moſt kind;
Your pity her merit makes known,
Wonder not then her loſs I deplore;
That I never can ceaſe to bemoan,
For ſhe is gone—I ſhall ſee her no more.

They tell me 'tis vain thus to grieve,
And bid me the paſtimes to join;
They may leſſer troubles relieve,
But cannot alleviate mine;
Each meadow, each green myrtle grove,
Where oft we together have ſtray'd;
All a mournful remembrance ſtill move,
Of the matchleſs, engaging dear Maid.

Yes Delia, no time can efface,
Thy image impreſs'd on my heart;
And who knows, in a very ſhort ſpace,
We may meet again never to part;
Grant this all ye pitying powers,
For then all my troubles will ceaſe;
And my anxious corroding ſad hours,
Be chang'd for whole ages of Peace.

THE VIRGIN's RESOLUTION.

Imitated from the Soliloquy of CATO, ACT V. SCENE I.

A young Lady alone with MILTON in her hand, open at the celebrated paſſage "Hail wedded Love, &c. &c."

IT muſt be ſo! Oh Milton bard divine,
Whoſe reaſoning juſt ſo well accords with mine;
Or whence proceed theſe hopes, this fond deſire,
And all theſe wiſhes which my boſom fire?
Why ſhrinks my ſoul, and whence this ſolemn dread,
At the ſad thoughts of never being wed;

'Tis

'Tis inſtinct, faithful inſtinct that we feel,
Which to the Sex a Huſband doth reveal;
Marriage! thou doubtful ſtate that ſtrikes the ſight,
At once with timid fear and ſoft delight,
What unknown ſcenes, what changes muſt we bear,
And oh! how awful does the view appear,
Tho' hid by darkneſs, and by clouds conceal'd,
A dawning proſpect to my ſight's reveal'd;
Here will I hold, if there's a power above,
That thus inſpires us with the paſſion Love;
And that there is in Nature's works we ſee,
Our duty with his dictates ſhould agree;
Indeed our intereſt claims the taſk no leſs,
Since the great end of Nature's law is bliſs;
Yet then our darling privilege we muſt quit,
In wedlock Women muſt alas! ſubmit;
Her will reſign to Man's imperial ſway,
Attend his pleaſures and commands obey;
But hence ye doubts perplex my mind no more,
The Prieſt ſhall end them, and my peace reſtore;
Not raſhly do I venture loſs and gain,
Dubious I weigh the pleaſure and the pain;

Bondage

Bondage and freedom both my care employ,
And my mind's torn 'twixt fear and hopes of joy;
I wed—and with my liberty muſt part,
But in exchange true bliſs will fill my heart;
Love for a while my loſs will well repay,
And Friendſhip pleaſe when paſſion ſhall decay,
Content I'll ſcorn infirmities and age,
While a fair offspring ſweetens life's laſt ſtage;
E'en when my eyes ſhall fade, my charms decline,
Yet ſtill each virtuous bleſſing will be mine.

A

SONG.

SUNG by Mr. LOWE.

JOLLY Bacchus ſprightly God,
Gladly I obey thy Nod;
Leave dull care and ſwiftly haſte,
To enjoy the gay repaſt;
Fair enchanting lovely Boy,
Thy dear pleaſures ne'er can cloy;
Strangers to each anxious pain,
While the copious bowl we drain.

Round my brows a wreath I'll twine,
The bluſhing Roſe and mantling Vine;
Whilſt the Grape will juice afford,
Nectar ſtill ſhall crown my board;
Ever jovial frank and free,
My days I'll ſpend in jollity;
Time ſteals on, be blithe and gay,
Be happy Mortals while you may.

A

CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

A YOUTH who long had ſought in vain,
True Happineſs and Peace to gain;
And many a tedious hour had ſpent,
In ſearch of ſmiling ſweet content;
At length fair Wiſdom did invoke,
And thus benign the Goddeſs ſpoke.

AIR.

Mortal wouldſt thou hope to find,
Soft repoſe and peace of mind;
In courts no longer idly rove,
But ſeek the calm ſequeſter'd grove;
Where Virtue with a numerous train,
Of tranquil joys for ever reign.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

The Youth low bowing ſtraight obey'd,
In hopes the promis'd bliſs to find;
And haſt'ning to the peaceful ſhade,
He reach'd at length the wiſh'd retreat;
No fond deceit in Wiſdom's words he found,
But ev'ry tender wiſh at once was crown'd.

AIR.

Remote from care, remote from noiſe,
Love the jocund hours employs;
Mirth and muſick both unite,
Height'ning every ſweet delight;
Contented with the rural ſport,
Wealth they ſcorn, nor Envy courts;
Ever happy, ever gay,
The laughing minutes glide away.

ON

MR. POWELL'S

Appearing on

COVENT GARDEN STAGE.

LONG had Melpomene, deſponding Maid!
With mournful looks this hapleſs ſpot ſurvey'd;
Where puppet Pantomines their ſway maintain'd,
Or ſenſeleſs Operas ſucceſsful reign'd;
Tho' in a Shuter, or a Woodward's form,
Gay Comedy, ſometimes the Town wou'd charm;
The Tragic Muſe no kind reception found,
Nor ever flouriſh'd on this barren ground;

But

But when ſhe heard her Powell here was come,
Then chearful ſmiles diſpers'd each anxious gloom;
Kind fate, accept my grateful thanks, ſhe cries,
I ſee new ſcenes of future glory riſe;
Long have I view'd with joy, at Drury Lane,
Garrick and Holland well my power ſuſtain;
Struck with the merit Powell doth poſſeſs,
Soon Covent Garden ſhall my worth confeſs.

THE LIBERTINES.

A MORAL TALE.

IN this free age when Virtue is deſpis'd,
And Vice, however glaring, highly priz'd;
When ev'ry pedant Coxcomb, every Fool,
Turns all Religion into ridicule;
Can laugh at Scripture, rail at righteous Heaven,
To ſhew his Wit, nor wiſh to be forgiven;
Looks on Salvation as an idle jeſt,
Invented by ſome bigot lying Prieſt;
Howe'er awhile they unchaſtis'd may revel,
And give themſelves up gratis to the Devil;

With-

Without reward,—for ſure no human mind,
In ſuch impiety can pleaſure find;
In Youth, when powerful paſſion bears full ſway,
The heart from virtue's rigid rules may ſtray;
The blaze of beauty, and the powerful charms,
Of ſome lov'd Fair may lure us to her arms;
Tho' by contending paſſions wildly toſt,
Reaſon awhile may ſeem abſorb'd and loſt;
Reflexion ſeldom fails to come at laſt,
And make us look with ſhame on what is paſt;
In our behalf frail Nature intercedes,
Repentance not in vain to mercy pleads;
Who in the book of fate will raze the blot,
And thus the crime forever be forgot;
But he, the impious wretch, who dares defy
Th' Almighty Power, that dwells above the ſky;
Who o'er this lower world with care preſides,
And dark ways of fate diſcreetly guides;
Will find too late, from every bliſs debar'd,
There is a God, to puniſh and reward.

To ſuch the Muſe now writes, with friendly aim,
In hopes example may their hearts reclaim.

THREE Youths, whoſe lives tho' ſhort, had ever been,
Of ſad impiety one lengthen'd ſcene;
Refin'd in vice, and anxious to poſſeſs,
Without controul their ſchemes of wild exceſs;
His friends thus one addreſt; why live we here,
To have our pleaſures intermix'd with care;
Gayly as yet our circling hours have paſt,
One wiſh remains to make our pleaſures laſt;
Oft do the moral fools, with pious care,
Bid us our lives reform, of Death beware;
That he may ſnatch us hence in all our bloom,
And bring us to a ſad and early tomb.
If ſuch a Tyrant really does exiſt,
Deſtroying him will lull our fears to reſt;
Then may we boldly every power defy,
And ſin ſecure in immortality;
Pleas'd with the ſcheme, his partners ſhout applauſe,
The wiſh to execute their care employs;
'Twas now the dead of night, the ſtars ſcarce ſhone,
And a pale light beam'd from the Silver Moon;
They

They ſally forth,—but firſt with oaths proteſt,
Ne'er to return, or cloſe their eyes to reſt;
Till they have met with Death, and laid him low,
And rid themſelves of this deteſted foe;
As o'er the peaceful plain, they madly rove,
They ſaw advancing from a neighb'ring grove,
An aged form bent with the load of years,
Whoſe wrinkled front uncommon ſweetneſs wears;
A more than human awe his features grac'd,
His ſilver beard deſcended to his waſte;
He nearer drew, the revelling crew exclaim,
Behold the wretch in ſearch of whom we came;
With impious ſhout they utter in a breath,
Yes, this is he we ſought, this ſure is Death;
Preparing now their deſtin'd prey to ſeize,
Thus ſpoke the Hermit ſuppliant on his knees;
My harmleſs Life, O Youths, O ſpare to take,
Believe me, I am not him whom ye ſeek;
To age like mine, O pay ſome kind reſpect,
And where to meet him, I'll your way direct;
Inſtant they looſe their hold, when thus he ſpoke,
Dig deep beneath th' branches of yon Oak;
There ye that Death ye ſeek will ſurely find,
Onward they walk, and leave the Sire behind;

From the next village each procures a ſpade,
Then haſte impatient to the wiſh'd-for ſhade;
They find the ſpot, with hearts elate with joy,
They raiſe the turf,—well-pleas'd with their employ;
As yet no Death appear'd—at length they found,
Hid in the center of the earth profound
An iron cheſt, the lid with eaſe they raiſe,
Which when explor'd, all ſtruck with wild amaze;
With ſpeechleſs tranſports here their eyes beheld,
The ſpacious coffer full of gold was fill'd;
Is this the promis'd death for which we ſought!
They loud exclaim, their hearts with rapture fraught;
Thanks to the pious fool, who ſent us here,
And crown'd our labour with a prize ſo dear;
This endleſs wealth, this maſs of riches gain'd,
'Tis rather Life that we have now obtain'd;
Be it our care this treaſure to convey,
Far off from hence before return of day;
But ere we raiſe the cheſt, and part the ſpoil,
Tir'd as we are, and weary with our toil,
Let generous wine our fainting ſpirits chear,
Then in our taſk we gayly perſevere;

The ſcheme approv'd, now freſh diſputes ariſe,
Each view'd the other with ſuſpicious eyes;
Not one to leave the treaſure cou'd endure,
Yet one from town the banquet muſt procure;
At length by lots the conteſt they decide;
On one it falls refreſhment to provide;
To guard the cheſt remain the other two,
He 'croſs the plain his way doth now purſue;
Reflecting as he walk'd, he thought how great,
His fortune would have been, had his kind fate
Conſign'd to him, and him alone, the whole;
Fir'd at the view, his avaricious ſoul,
Rank poiſonous drugs infuſes in their wine,
Die them, he cried, the glorious prize is mine;
But for himſelf unmix'd a draught prepares,
Then haſten'd back perplex'd 'tween hopes and fears.

THE other two behind, contrive the while,
Between themſelves to ſhare the ſplendid ſpoil;
With joyful ſhout his near approach they greet,
Reſolv'd their bloody purpoſe to compleat;
To each the baneful bev'rage he preſents,
Which ſoon will numb and damp each vital ſenſe;

Then

Then to his lips his ſparkling flaggon rais'd,
One by the throat the frighted victim ſeiz'd;
The other dealt his blows, till life no more,
They left him weltering in his ſanguine gore;
Fatigu'd their bowls they drain, and now prepare,
The ponderous heap of ſhining oar to ſhare;
Sudden each breaſt a chilling coldneſs feels,
And o'er each ſenſe a painful horror ſteals;
Diſtraction ſeizes on their maddening thought,
They find that Death approach for which they ſought;
The promis'd treaſure like a vapour flies,
And waſtes away before their wondering eyes;
In bittereſt agonies their laſt they breathe,
And by their fates this moral truth bequeathe;
In his laſt moments on the bed of death,
His Conſcience, ſtruggling with his parting breath;
To his torn mind will then his doom pronounce,
And righteous vengeance for his crimes denounce;
Will teach the Libertine to dread the rod,
Of an offended, and an angry God.

A

SONG.

Sung by Mr. TAYLOR.

THE Lark now warbled forth his ſtrains,
The ſun ſhot forth its piercing rays;
When young Alexis o'er the plains,
Thus ſang his dear Maria's praiſe;
While other ſwains their conqueſts boaſt,
I ſcorn ſuch vain ſuch idle folly;
Contented I alone will toaſt,
My charming lovely ſprightly Polly.

From Fair to Fair I late would range,
And vow'd to be for ever true;
Tho' ſoon my fickle heart would change,
And ſome new fav'rite Nymph purſue;

But

But ſince this matchleſs Maid I've ſeen,
'Tis ſhe that takes my mind up wholly;
Nor would I change for Beauty's Queen,
My ſweet engaging blooming Polly.

Oh Cupid hear a Lover's pray'r,
This beauteous Fair-one's heart incline;
The world beſides's not worth my care,
Unleſs my dear Maria's mine;
Since Life without her needs muſt prove,
For ever dull and melancholy;
Ye Gods, if you'd my grief remove,
Oh bleſs me with my much-lov'd Polly.

A

S O N G.

Sung by Miss DAVIES.

RESTLESS ſighing and complaining,
Ev'ry pleaſure ſtill diſdaining;
Now to calm retreats I fly,
In ſearch of bliſs and tranquil joy;
Sequeſter'd in my rural Cot,
All my cares are now forgot;
The verdant gay enamell'd plains,
Echo with my chearful ſtrains;
There I nurſe the tender flame,
And ſing of Love and Damon's name.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

On the Birth Day of

MISS **** ****.

DAMON.

MY friend, my Alexis what can thus employ
Your attention, and whence are theſe tranſports of joy;
This Pleaſure ſo great, that you cannot conceal,
Come tell me, I pray, th' occaſion reveal;
Your Pipe whoſe ſweet ſtrains I had almoſt forgot,
This moment I heard as I drew nigh your cot;
Say,

Say, is it ſome Fair-one whoſe Beauty to praiſe,
Alexis again has reſum'd his ſoft lays?

ALEXIS.

This morning my Damon, this thrice happy morn,
The Pride of her Sex my Maria was born;
For this yon bright Sun has its glories put forth,
Since 'twas this happy day to my charmer gave birth;
That Nymph ſo enchanting the boaſt of the Plains,
Whoſe Virtue and Merit's the theme of our Swains;
On a ſubject ſo pleaſing I cou'd not forbear,
My Pipe to reſume in behalf of the Fair.

DAMON.

No longer I wonder ſuch tranſports you ſhew,
The Praiſes you give, to Maria are due;
Since all muſt allow, tho' ſo charming a Maid,
Is entitled to more than indeed can be ſaid;
How happy Alexis, how bleſt will you prove,
If Maria indulgent attends to your Love.

ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

'Tis that, O my friend, at which fondly I aim,
And Hope ſometimes prompts me to cheriſh my flame;
Tho' I doubt of ſucceſs, yet I'll never reſign,
Till depriv'd of my life, or the Fair-one is mine,
To this all my prayers and my wiſhes aſpire,
O grant me ye Gods this one boon I require.
No more do I aſk, as I'd gladly prefer,
To pomp and vain grandeur, a Cottage with her;
If of this richeſt treaſure, I once were poſſeſt,
Then Damon, your friend, your Alexis were bleſt;
But now let us haſte and beneath yonder oak,
Call all our companions the powers t' invoke;
That pleaſures unfading, and ſweet ſmiling peace,
May ſtill be her lot as her years ſhall increaſe;
That ſorrow may never her quiet deſtroy,
But each hour of her life be productive of joy.

DAMON.

I go, my Alexis, and doubt not your care,
Regarded will be and approv'd by the Fair;

Or

Or if not, your endeavours wont fail to obtain,
The praiſe they deſerves from each well-judging Swain;
But ſee, in yon meadow, the gay village band,
Led on by Maria, are now juſt at hand.

ALEXIS.

To meet them, my Damon, then let us advance,
With pleaſure we'll join in the ſports and the dance;
At evening our brows ſhall with chaplets be crown'd,
And the full flowing bowl, puſh'd with chearfulneſs round;
Each heart ſhall be glad, and all nature look gay,
In honour of Love, and of this happy Day.

TO

GEORGE COLEMAN, Eſq;

The ingenious Author of the

OXONIAN IN TOWN,

On the late ineffectual Oppoſition to that ſenſible and juſtly much-admir'd Performance.

JOY ſparkling in her radiant eyes,
Fair Virtue lately left the ſkies;
On golden pinions borne, the Maid,
Deſcended to Parnaſſus' ſhade;
Her heart with lively tranſports fraught,
And here the God of Wit ſhe ſought;
The white rob'd nymph Apollo meets,
And thus his charming gueſt he greets;

Hail

Hail Siſter, tho' I cant conceive,
Why now this favour I receive;
Tho' ſome may otherwiſe pretend,
Apollo e'er was Virtue's friend;
Welcome to this our peaceful haunt,
And know whate'er you aſk, I'll grant;
She ſmiling bow'd, then Silence broke,
And thus in tuneful accents ſpoke;
Coleman, a friend of yours and mine,
The darling fav'rite of the Nine;
Who long has fought our mutual cauſe,
And gain'd himſelf and us applauſe;
Dar'd to expoſe without diſguiſe,
Vain Folly and each reigning Vice;
This conduct lately rais'd him foes,
Who ſtrongly ſtrove his view t'oppoſe;
Had they prevail'd, both I and you,
Had bid the ſtage a long adieu;
No more their breaſts my power cou'd warm,
Nor poliſh'd ſenſe, or humour charm;
But joy to tell, in vain they rave,
Truth only ſtings the fool and knave;
In vain 'gainſt Reaſon they contended,
For juſtice well our cauſe defended;

The candid Town for us declar'd,
And he and I the triumph ſhar'd.
Now from your hands I come to aſk,
Some recompence for this his taſk;
Since worth from you meets juſt regard,
Let him not paſs without reward.

She ceas'd,—then, Phœbus.—Sifter, know
Your boon was needleſs—long ago;
As it may plainly be perceiv'd,
My ſmiles and favour he receiv'd;
To me his merit not unknown,
His late performance now I'll crown;
Tell him, Apollo, this beſtows,
(Then took the Laurel from his brows)
This wreath around his temples twine,
Where green 'twill flouriſh as on mine;
Bid him ſtill follow both our rules,
Nor heed a herd of wrangling fools;
For high upon the liſt of Fame,
By *Truth* engrav'd—ſtands Coleman's name.

CHRIST-

CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE Tale of Pindus, the Caſtalian ſtreams,
Th' Aonian Maids, all, but poetic dreams;
Delight not me, pleas'd in a nobler lay,
To celebrate the birth of Chriſt—a Saviour's natal day.

THIS is the day, Iſaiah ſung of old,
And to the world full of his God foretold;
God comes himſelf, and takes a mortal ſtate,
A God, a Man, 'tis wonderous to relate;
Behold th' eternal cou'd be borne; and hear,
A Virgin cou'd conceive, and him that Thunders bear
Who made the World, and whom the Heavens obey'd,
In a poor humble Stable now is laid;

And he, whoſe Father's boſom was his bed,
Had no where elſe to lay his ſacred Head;
Rapt in a ſwadling cloth, that body ſee,
Which with the heavenly Zones, cou'd not encompaſs'd be;
A little Manger cou'd ſupply a place,
For him who fills th' immenſity of ſpace.

He came, and every breaſt with joy was fill'd,
Nature, thro' all her works, look'd gay and ſmil'd;
The woods rejoic'd, and all the feather'd throng,
The hills rejoic'd—the vallies taught and ſung;
The ſtorms were ſilent, tempeſts then did ceaſe,
Scarce was a wrinkle in old Ocean's face;
No winds then blew unleſs ſome gentle breeze,
Might be heard whiſpering thro' the leafy trees;
Or if they blew did only ſweetly ſtrive,
Fanning the air to keep the calm alive;
The ſportive Lamb before the Wolf did play,
Nor ſcar'd the Kite the harmleſs Dove away;
Peace bleſt the world, and all without annoy,
And undiſturb'd Life's bleſſings did enjoy;
The Sick no longer then for Health did ſeek,
Her lively colours glow'd in every Cheek;

Diſeaſes

Diſeaſes ſcarce were known, the Dumb cou'd
talk,
And Blind cou'd ſee, the helpleſs Cripple walk;
And now, O Death, thy Stings no power have,
Where are thy Terrors now! thou conquer'd
Grave?

THE MORNING.

AN ODE.

HAIL ſmiling Morn, that tips the hills with gold;
Whoſe roſy fingers ope the gates of Day;
Who the gay face of Nature doth unfold,
At whoſe bright preſence darkneſs flies away.

The fabled elves no longer on the Mead
In circles dance—their gambols they give o'er;
And the pale ſpectres of the troubled dead;
Now glide into their graves, and fright no more.

Sad

Sad Philomela ends her plaintive lay,
And the Owl hies him to his home,—forlorn;
The early Lark to Heaven now wings his way,
With Clarion ſhrill the Cock proclaims the morn.

The morning Milkmaid trips along the Green,
Bluſhing with roſy Health appear her cheeks;
Turning the glebe betimes the Ploughman's ſeen,
With ſalutary ſteams the furrow reeks.

Tho' when 'tis night the Violet goes to reſt,
And draws the purple curtains of her bed;
Yet Morn no ſooner 'gins to paint the Eaſt,
But ſhe awakes, and lifts her fragrant head.

Tho' ſleeps at night in damaſk bed the Roſe,
The day-ſpent ſweets 'tis only to repair;
She to the Morn new beauties will diſcloſe,
And with freſh odours fill the ambient air.

When

When Morn begins to uſher in the day,
The night fall'n dew that like the pearl appears;
Soon as it feels the warmth of Phœbus' ray,
Quits its bright Being, and diſſolves in tears.

The pureſt blood now circles in the veins,
The mind's as clear as is the limpid ſtream;
And Reaſon undiſturb'd by paſſion reigns,
And Morn, the Poet's Friend, exalts the Poet's Theme.

THE GRAVE.

POETIC hills of ye I take my leave,
The Muſes' theme is now the humble grave;
I with the world no more converſe,—inſtead,
I converſe only with the ſilent Dead;
Who, tho' they ſpeak not, tell the Grave's my home,
The ſilent dead are eloquently dumb.

SOMETIMES by thee, O melancholy led,
I walk the ground that hides the happy dead;
Where every tombſtone I am paſſing by,
Gives me a lecture on mortality,
Ev'n marble ſpeaks, and tells me I muſt die;

There

There Anger cools, and mad Ambition ſleeps,
There nor the Orphan, nor the Widow weeps;
And where the Poor, nor cold, nor hunger fear,
Nor th' Oppreſſor's voice—the Priſoners hear;
The Clown, the Monarch, and the Rich and Poor,
Lie levell'd—and Diſtinction is no more.

WITHIN yon graves do ſhort-liv'd infants lie,
Like the abridgments of mortality;
Without a lull-a-by, ſweet ſleep they have,
No rocking needs the Cradle of the Grave;
Where all the troubles that in Life we meet,
Are then wound up within the Winding Sheet;
Laid in the Grave we undiſturb'd abide,
No reſtleſs turning there from ſide to ſide;
To live's to be by various ills oppreſs'd,
To die—is only—but to be at reſt.

IN thy kind arms, O grave, I'll ſleeping lie,
All the long night before Eternity;
And when this laſt this mortal ſleep is o'er,
I'll riſe again, and wake—to ſleep no more.

IL INAMORATO.

'TWAS early morn the ſun ſcarce by,
When all things ſlept but Love and I;
Walking by where my Charmer dwelt,
What ſweet anxiety I felt!
Whilſt Hope with Fear, and Fear with Hope combin'd,
Rais'd painful—pleaſing tumults in my mind.

Whilſt Penſive in the Shade I lay,
And the ſad minutes roll'd away;
On Nature's verdant velvet bed,
As I reclin'd my love-ſick head;
My Fair awoke—I little thought ſo ſoon,
My Fair awoke—ſhe roſe another ſun.

As ſhe came o'er the enamell'd meads,
The ground ſeem'd ſacred where ſhe treads;

The

The murmuring ſtreams went ſlowly by,
As loth to leave her company;
The painted birds that hung upon the ſpray,
In ſoft perſuaſive airs implor'd her ſtay.

Sweet are the Fields in April ſhowers,
How ſweetly ſmell the Jeſſamine bowers;
But far more ſweet was then the air,
Whilſt in it walk'd my charming Fair;
The Lilly's whiteneſs did her ſkin compoſe,
She breath'd a Violet, and ſhe bluſh'd a Roſe.

To all her Beauties, yet were join'd,
The greater Beauties of the Mind;
Together in her Face were ſeen,
Apollo and the Cyprian Queen;
Her ſhape appear'd ſet off with eloquence,
Her Air had *Meaning*, and her Features *Senſe*.

WINTER.

WHILST dreary Winter, and the ice-
bound ſtream,
And hills of ſnow are the cold Muſes
theme;
With one warm ray, O Phœbus let me glow,
Leaſt my poetic vein ſhou'd ceaſe to flow;
In thoſe ſad climes where Sol ſcarce ſhows his
head;
Is Winter's ſeat, and flocks of ſnow his bed;
The Pole's his ſtaff, the Bear's ſkin is his gown,
Which with the frigid Zone is girdled round.

See Jove deſcending in a ſnowy ſhower,
Not like to that which Danæe did o'erpower;
All Nature clad in whiteſt robes is ſeen,
And in a ſnowy Deluge drown'd the world again;
All things are hid, the mountains diſappear,
And with the vallies on a level are;

The

The Traveller, uncertain where to go,
Loſes his way, but finds his Grave in ſnow;
The unfed Sheep, and honeſt Ox complain,
And weeping wander ſeeking food in vain;
A thouſand gems earth's boſom now adorn,
And in a froſty net is caught the thorn;
Whilſt on its roof, tempeſtuous dance the hail,
The trembling cottage ſeems to fear a fall;
Naked the woods—their leafy honours o'er,
And the glad voice of birds is heard no more;
The ſtream ſtands ſtill—the waters ceaſe to flow,
And waggons paſs, where erſt the boats did go;
Now o'er the ice the youth exulting hies,
As ſwiftly, as from the bow the arrow flies.

Oft on the glaſs the froſt its fancy plays,
And mimicks Nature in a thouſand ways;
Here you may ſee the imitated grove,
Here the tall pine—and there the tree of Jove;
And now, the ſtream wandering the fields among;
Again, the plumage of the vocal throng.
How many leaden deaths now upward fly,
Hear! miſſive Fate now thundering in the ſky;

Which

Which to the feather'd folks deſtruction prove,
They fall and leave their little lives above.

At laſt the Winter weeping milder grows,
And into tears diſſolve the ice and ſnow;
The hills and vallies 'gin to laugh and ſing,
And the blue Violet uſhers in the Spring;
Its yellow head the Crocus 'gins to ſhow,
And its pure white the early drop of ſnow;
And now the Lark attempts to wake the day,
And Philomela meditates her lay;
The ſtream rolls liquid, and again you'll ſee,
In its clear breaſt the finny people play;
The mead with vivid verdure's cover'd o'er,
And the new graſs the cattle pleas'd devour.

A

SUMMER's EVENING.

ONE Summer's Eve I walk'd the fields among,
Till tir'd upon a bank, I ſat and ſung;
See to the ocean Phœbus haſtes away,
And the dew cools the fever of the day;
Which now begins to hide its chearful light,
The face of Nature darkens into night;
The Groves are ſtill, the birds a ſilence keep,
And all but Philomel can go to ſleep;
For ſhe, poor Girl! the night muſt ſing and weep;
The Bat flies low, the Philoſophic Owl,
Now darkling ſees and pleas'd begins to howl;

And to the Woods the Rooks now take their
flight,
Black'ning the air, they ſeem to haſten night;
And now pale Luna pours a ſilver ray,
And fain would try to emulate the day;
With th' Evening dew the meadows ſeem to
weep,
The mountains ſeem to nod, as half aſleep;
Ambition tires, anger forſakes the breaſt,
Envy, ſelf-harraſs'd, ſeems to wiſh for reſt;
The Sheep that all day panted with the heat,
A good night gladly to each other bleat;
Tho' tir'd, yet pleas'd, the Ruſtic ſeeks his
home,
Rejoic'd to find his daily taſk is done;
About him, whilſt his healthy offspring play,
He quite forgets the labour of the day;
Some ſmall refreſhment and to bed he goes,
And ſleeps more ſoundly than a Monarch does.

FAINT and more faint now ſee yon weſtern ray,
With little glimmerings taking leave of day;
Who wou'd not wiſh the cares of life were done,
Or were a ſetting, with the ſetting ſun.

A

PARAPHRASE

On the following Lines taken from the

Title Page of a Book, called, A Treatiſe on the

HEAD, BRAIN, &c.

" THE Health of Man more on his
" Head depends,
" Than Child, on Parents, or a poor
Man, Friends;
" If that be well, the Body feels no pain,
" But if diſtemper'd, ſickneſs ſoon will reign,
" In every other part, in every vein."

THE Head's diſtemper'd if the boſom bear,
The anxious preſſure of the nightly mare;

Few

Few ſpirits can th' obſtructed Brain impart,
The blood mounts heavy from the labouring Heart;
Hence 'tis we ſleep lethargic life away,
Or courſe our limbs in epileptic play;
Hence apoplexies ſudden ſtop the breath,
Or leave a *Half* in paralytic death.

The Head's the Realm where *Melancholy* reigns,
Troubling the crimſon river in the veins,
And ſource of fruitleſs griefs and fancy'd pains.
Or ſhall I find her in ſome lonely ſhade,
The Sun ne'er ſaw, or ever Moon made glad;
Where ſhe ſits penſive on a moſſy ſtone,
Weeping her abſent hopes—her perjur'd Lover gone;
No ſooner Phœbus leaves fair Thetis' bed,
But Light and Gladneſs o'er the world are ſpread;
From his bright preſence, darkneſs flies away,
The face of Nature ſmiles, and all his gay,
And heavenly Larks with ſongs ſalute the day;
The morbid Head, alembic-like diſtills,
On all the ſenſes, all their various ills;

Muſic's ſoft airs can find no entrance there,
Now rheum to *Wax* concretes, and ſeals the ear;
Deaf to the concert of the vocal grove,
Where painted birds warble their lays of love;
Soon as they taſte Heaven's kind refreſhing ſhowers,
With grateful ſmells, their thanks, return the flowers,
And doubly ſweet then breathe the jeſſamine bowers;
But ſpend, alas! their balmy breath in vain,
If dull catarrhs oppreſs the ſickly Brain.

Hence if the ſick a little reſt wou'd take,
A coma *Vigil* keeps him e'er awake;
Wiſhing for ſleep—by which at leaſt we gain,
The ſweet inſenſibility of pain;
When every ruffling paſſion takes its leave,
Or is as calm as is the ſilent grave;
When Sleep alike, the Monarch and the Clown,
Or ſtretch'd on ſtraw, or ſunk in bed of down.

Hence if thick films eclipſe the viſual ray,
It glooms a night, or dawns a doubtful day;

The

The ſun's refulgent beams ſcarce light ſupply,
Nor ſparkling gems, nor Chloe's brighter eye;
No more delights the gay enamell'd ſcene,
Or Fields in bloom, or Meadows ever green;
By where the ſtream ſweetly meandring goes,
The bordering flowers the liquid mirror ſhews;
And all the finny folks, we here behold,
Or gliſtering ſilver, or bedropt with gold;
The Brain enflam'd, phrenzy uſurps the throne,
That Reaſon lately ſway'd, and claim'd her own;
Cold Death, cold Damps, bedew the body o'er,
That Health and vital warmth enjoy'd before;
The limbs are cold, convuls'd the tendons ſtart,
And all that's left of life, juſt hovers in the heart;
The languid eyes begin to loſe their ſight,
Cloſing for ever in eternal night!
The fingers fumble—ſhort and more ſhort the breath,
And Life ſits trembling on the verge of Death;
The ſtrength is gone, the pulſe can play no more,
The curtain falls, the farce of Life is o'er.

But if the body no diſtempers know,
It ſhews the Head is well from whence they
flow;
As the pure Boſom of the limpid ſtream,
Shews an untroubled ſpring from whence it
came,

SLEEP.

HAIL gentle ſleep! thou ſovereign balm of woe;
Thou ſoft aſſuager of our grief's below!
Thee! thee! I ſing, thy grateful praiſes chaunt;
Aonian Maids, your kind aſſiſtance grant;
And thou, Apollo, on my artleſs Muſe,
Beſtow a portion of Caſtalian dews;
Around my head thy inſpiring luſtre beam,
And aid my fancy and inſpire my theme.

When dire affliction fills th' anxious mind,
Within thy arm's a ſhort repoſe we kind;
The live-long tedious hours of day once paſt,
Night with impatience wiſh'd for, comes at laſt;

Then

Then, then, ſole offſpring of oblivion fair,
Steals imperceptibly and chaces care;
Baniſhes ſorrow from the troubled breaſt,
And lulls the ſoul inſenſibly to reſt.

To thee, the Lover when thou ſeal'ſt his eyes,
Owes all the joys his cruel Fair denies,
Tho' waking. She his paſſion may diſdain,
Not ſo when bound in Morpheus' leaden chain;
Then comes ſhe blooming bluſhing with her charms,
And melts with rapture in his circling arms.

The baniſh'd Exile who on deſart coaſt,
Laments his abſent friends, and country loſt;
His widow'd wife, his infant orphans dear,
And each ſad minute counts a tedious year;
Reviews in ſlumbers what he ſo deplores,
Sleep kindly wafts him to his native ſtores;
At length th' enchantment ends, he opes his eyes,
And with his dream his fancy'd bliſs all flies;
Then waits impatient till Sleep's friendly balm,
Sooths the diſtemper'd ſenſes to a calm;
In dreams the Miſer views his golden ſhore,
And as he views imagines it ſtill more;

In

In dreams the Saint converſes with his God,
The guilty 'ſcapes from Juſtice and her rod;
The pinnacle of power th' ambitious reach,
The Soldier routs the Foe, and mounts the Breach;
Sleep heightens every joy, relieves each care,
And mitigates th' exceſs of wild deſpair.

THE

THE CHOICE OF APOLLO.

UPON a time the God of Wit,
In a gay merry mood thought fit,
To pay a viſit to the Earth,
To ſee his ſportive ſiſter, Mirth;
Politely firſt himſelf excuſes,
To the fair Nine, the tuneful Muſes;
And ſeated in his golden car,
Soon reach'd the place, for 'twas not far;
I mean not far for ſuch a power,
Who rode a thouſand miles an hour;
And any time, at will, cou'd go,
Swift as an arrow from a bow;

With

With eager haſte he 'lit, and came,
Where dwelt the laughter-loving Dame;
But ah! how chang'd the ſcene appear'd,
The voice of *Mirth* no more was heard;
Old buſy Care had entrance found,
And ſpread his baneful influence round;
In ſober ſadneſs mute ſtood Comus,
Supported by dejected Momus;
The little Loves, and ſmiling Graces,
Had ſorrow pictur'd in their faces;
Bacchus hung o'er his empty Bowl,
Down Joy's round cheeks the tears oft ſtole;
Mirth on her throne ſat penſive by,
And frequent breath'd a heart-felt ſigh;
Phœbus, advanc'd—She ſaw her brother,
They fondly flew to meet each other;
When thus the God—dear ſiſter, ſay,
Why you who e'er was blythe and gay;
With whom fair Pleaſure held her court,
Queen of each feſtive Dance and Sport;
With trouble now ſeem ſo oppreſt,
Speak, Siſter, what diſturbs your breaſt?

WONDER not Brother, ſhe replies,
If anguiſh has o'er-ſpread theſe eyes;

Nor

Nor that *Delight* from me is fled,
When both my darling ſons are dead;
Firſt did I Rabelais deplore,
And now, alas! my Swift's no more;
Thence ſprings my grief, my preſent care,
While vacant's Humour's eaſy chair;
They gone! who now that ſeat can fill,
That cries, Apollo, I can tell;
If Judgment, Wit, and Fancy join'd,
With Learning, Genius, Senſe combin'd;
If real worth,—perfection rare,
May claim a title to the Chair;
The vacancy, if right I gueſs,
In Juſtice Sterne ſhou'd now poſſeſs.

She ſmil'd conſent,—approv'd his Choice,
And ſhouts confirm the general voice;
Muſic reſum'd her lively ſtrain,
And Mirth and Joy were heard again.

THE

SNOW DROP.

E'ER yet ſtern Winter's rigid reign was o'er,
Or he his ſeat regain'd the Greenland ſhore;
Spring from her myrtle bower where hid ſhe lay,
Stole forth abroad, impatient at his ſtay;
Verdure reviv'd, where'er her footſteps tread,
And gentle Zephyrs flutter round her head;
The blooming Nymph, the frigid Monarch met,
Who ſmiling thus addreſs'd th' intruder ſweet!
To four has Jove aſſign'd a different ſphere,
To rule on Earth, and regulate the Year;
Summer, who comes from India's climes afar,
And Autumn, who fair *Plenty*'s horn doth bear;
We o'er the ſequent months by turns preſide,
But let us lovely Queen be more ally'd;

Then

Then to the Covert of a Holly Shade,
He led the half-reluctant bluſhing Maid;
From their young Loves an offspring fair aroſe,
Which 'twixt both Seaſons annually blows;
Hence doth the Flower its appellation owe,
Which we at preſent call—the Drop of Snow.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS.

1.

WHILST Fanny kiſs'd her Infant—Care,
You bite my Lip, ſhe cry'd, my Dear;
The ſmiling child, tho' half afraid,
Thus to his beauteous mother ſaid;
With me, Mamma, O do not quarrel!
—I thought your Lip had been my Coral.—

2.

On one at the GALLOWS.

A PARDON came juſt when the Rope was ty'd,
Life came ſo unexpected that he dy'd;
O! powerful Death! what can oppoſe thy Will?
Who thee eſcape!—if Life itſelf can *kill*.

3.

On a RICH MAN.

I CANNOT envy ~~Creatures~~ Croſus tho' I am poor,
What's half a Million, He is *worth* no more.

4.

On a CHARITY SERMON.

NO Sermon ere cou'd ſuit the purpoſe more,
The Poor were preach'd for—the Diſcourſe was poor.

5.

On a PHYSICIAN.

LIKE Balaam's aſs the Doctor is ſo bleak,
Without an *Angel* you can't make him ſpeak.

6.

To a MARRIED MAN.

I ASK'D my Friend, what were the mighty charms,
That lured ſo ~~foul~~ a partner to his arms?
A Fortune! and beſides we are going, he ſaid,
To London—ſhe the Small-Pox never had.

7.

On a DECAYED GENTLEWOMAN.

SHE, to whom Plenty Fortune once did give,
Now takes-in Work, and makes a *Shift* to live.

8. On

8.

On one PETER—who was unfortunately drown'd.

In the briny ſea, Peter was drown'd,
O Verſe, don't loſe thy metre;
Tho' freſh before he might be found,
He is now become Salt Petre.

* TO THE

TOWN.

AN ODE.

I.

HENCE, Wiſdom fly to rural groves,
Where muſing Melancholy roves,
A ſolitary gueſt;
Thy aid no longer I implore,
On Nature's dreary page to pore,
Nor thy repoſe moleſt.

II.

No more the moments I conſume,
In ſighing for the ſolemn gloom,
That ſerious thought, inſpires;
A brighter theme my Muſe invites,
The Town, and all its dear delights,
My roving fancy fires.

III.

* The five following Pieces are the productions of a young Lady of the Author's acquaintance.

III.

Calliope, thou chearful Maid,
O leave thy lov'd Pierian Shade,
Attend a ſuppliant's pray'r;
Benignly ſhed thy genial ray,
To light deſcriptions florid way,
In dark Beotian air.

IV.

While buſy ſocial ſcenes I ſing,
Auſpicious bid the trembling ſtring,
Obey my feeble hand;
And yield enchanting harmony,
To ſwell the joyful ſymphony,
At thy ſupreme command.

V.

Ye gloomy, ſad, unſocial ſouls,
Who rail at Op'ras, Plays, and Balls,
And count their Lovers, fools;
To lonely deſarts hie away,
Nor freeze the current of my lay,
With Stoic's icy rules.

VI.

But come ye gentle Beaus and Belles,
Who flutter round from Wells to Wells,
In fairy trip advance;
And haſte, while hoary winter reigns,
Imperious, o'er the raviſh'd plains,
To join the ſprightly dance.

VII.

Perplex'd with dear variety,
Say, mighty Muſe, for, oh, to thee,
My will ſubmiſſive bends;
Charm'd by thy alluring voice,
Wild Fancy, fix'd, approves the choice,
And raptur'dly attends.

VIII.

Say, ſhall we to the buzzing change,
Thro' crouded ſtreets delighted range?
And while the ſcene we view,
Pourtray fair commerce, beauteous maid,
In robes of orient dies array'd,
And gems of glowing hue.

IX.

Sole empreſs of the dazzling ſcene,
Sits Fortune with majeſtick mien,
Amid her golden ſtore;
While admiration reigns around,
And plodding Cits with awe profound,
The eyeleſs Dame adore.

X.

Obſequious to her ſplendid court,
The ſons of induſtry reſort,
With unabating toils;
Subdu'd by her all-conquering charms,
They quit Contentment's homely arms,
Unconſcious of her wiles.

XI.

As pants the courſer on the plain,
Intent the glorious prize to gain,
So throbs the fair one's heart;
Who, born to ſhine in City Balls,
Parades it to the public halls,
In all the pride of art.

XII.

Quit we the unpoetic maze,
Gaping let Teague and Taphy gaze,
On Paul's ſtupendous dome;
Nor ſtony ſubſtances detain,
And luſcious turtles tempt in vain,
While raptur'dly we roam.

XIII.

Where crouds to ſcenes theatric turn,
There noiſy Tars impatient burn,
For dance or ſong obſcene;
While every feeling Fair below,
In hapleſs Deſdemona's woe,
Is ſympathizing ſeen.

XIV.

A prey to paſſion's wild controul,
The fiercely fond Othello's ſoul,
A lowly victim lies;
O, jealouſy, thou bane of peace,
Diſturber of domeſtic eaſe,
What ills from thee ariſe!

XV.

Or haply pious Hamlet's woe,
Bids filial tenderneſs o'erflow,
In floods of deep diſtreſs;
Or, form'd to draw conſenting ſighs,
And make, in future, fathers wiſe,
Fond Lear moves not leſs.

XVI.

Ye ſadly-pleaſing ſcenes depart,
The comic Muſe aſſails my heart,
In Falſtaff's giant form;
With mirth diſtended, every vein
Re-ecchoes loud the laughing ſtrain,
With Wit and Humour warm.

XVII.

Hail, various Fancy's fav'rite child,
Great above rule, yet nobly wild,
Immortal Shakeſpear, hail!
'Tis thine to charm our ills to reſt,
And harmonize the human breaſt,
When jarring thoughts aſſail.

XVIII.

To Op'ras now let's gayly roll,
Waft it ye winds from pole to pole,
Unrivall'd Op'ra reigns;
In her ſublime circean bound,
Rapt every ſoul; enchant around
The ſmooth Italian ſtrains!

XIX.

Here maddening Dido chaunts her woes,
And angry Monarchs meet their foes,
Harmoniouſly ſerene;
While Gods, Nymphs, Graces, Gueſts divine,
Birds, Lions, Bears, ſpontaneous join,
To animate the ſcene.

XX.

Hail ſounding nonſenſe! at thy ſhrine,
With joy we ſacrifice the Nine,
And bid Decorum bleed;
Lay wide the land of genius waſte,
And view a vitiated taſte,
To deathleſs fame decreed.

XXI.

XXI.

Replete with Powder, Pride, Perfume,
See crouding to Cornely's room,
The gallant, great and gay;
Where mountain Ch—dl—gh, marry'd Maid,
In preſidential pomp array'd,
To pleaſure paves the way.

XXII.

Hark! in animated airs,
Summoning enamour'd pairs,
To trace the mazy round;
Sound the well accorded ſtrings;
Love, delighted, Virtue flings,
Victorious to the ground!

XXIII.

Hence learn with cautionary care,
Ye beauteous, blooming, Britiſh fair,
To feed the fatal flame;
Ill, momentary joy, repays,
The woe of long repenting days,
And forfeiture of fame.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Routs, drums, ridottos, maſquerades,
Court, concerts, viſiting parades,
A captivating throng;
Now ruſh reſiſtleſs to the ſight,
Swelling with torrents of delight,
The tenor of our ſong.

XXV.

Not ſo, dull ſolitude, thy ſcenes,
Sound in the Bards deſcriptive ſtrains,
Or animate his lyre;
The purling ſtream, and painted mead,
The ſunny glare and gloomy glade,
But raptures faint inſpire.

XXVI.

Ten thouſand thouſand pageants crown,
And ſwell the triumphs of the Town,
Superlatively great;
Ten thouſand thouſand raptures burn,
And give the active ſoul to ſpurn,
The ſtillneſs of retreat!

XXVII.

Then ſtill— (when with returning ſtorms,
Dread Winter all around deforms)
Ye bliſs—diſpenſing pow'rs;
Grant me 'mid ſocial ſcenes to range,
And with the magic charms of change,
Beguile the ling'ring hours.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

MR. —— from WALES.

TWO ſheets in vain I've try'd in proſe,
The third begun—this thought aroſe;
Why—ſince preciſion, ſenſe and eaſe,
With ev'ry requiſite to pleaſe;
In humble proſe, deny their aid,—
I hie me to the magic maid;
Who, on the wings of fancy borne,
Can barren heaths with bloom adorn;
Pierce Greenland glooms, melt Scythian ſnows,
Waft cooling gales where cancer glows;

And

And bid, when perch'd on Britain's Iſle,
Even Cambria's rugged mountains ſmile;
With her I'll ſmoothly glide along,
In all the negligence of ſong;
Nor fret becauſe I'm not correct,
(Woman's perpetual defect,)
But thank the ſtars that gave my ſoul,
In rhiming indolence to roul;
Since in that foible I can find,
Enjoyments of no vulgar kind.

When with vexation gloomy grown,
That all I wiſh is not my own;
Or baulk'd in ſome dear fav'rite ſcheme,
A mere imaginary dream;
Or ruffled by ill-fortun'd gales,
I ſtorm to find myſelf in Wales;
Where, dead to friendſhip's ſoothing joys,
Each wayward accident deſtroys
My peace; and to ſubjection doom'd,
In ſolitude I lie entomb'd;
'Midſt all theſe plagues, in all theſe views,
In every circumſtance, the Muſe
Can chace, alleviate, and charm,
And cenſure of its ſtings diſarm;

Can

Can bid us leave Creation's bounds,
To range, in thought, celeſtial rounds;
When Earth diſpleaſes, Simple, ſtay?
Ah! no! 'tis Virtue leads that way;
Virtue, in uniſon with Truth,
Alone can give unthinking youth;
To fix the Will at Reaſon's throne,
Where fair Felicity is ſhewn;
As verging upwards to the ſky,
Beyond the ken of mortal eye.
Well; this be Virtue's—be it ſongs,
To chace imaginary wrongs;
To calm and harmonize the breaſt,
When Paſſion is at war with Reſt;
And, when December's glooms are ſeen,
Kindly protect us from the ſpleen.

ON

SILENCE.

TO

MISS ———.

DAUGHTER of inauſpicious night,
Array'd in horrors to affright,
The ſympathetic heart;
Hence gloomy, ſullen, ſilence fly,
Far, far from Friendſhip's melting eye,
To act thy deſtin'd part!

No more my flutt'ring breaſt invade,
With bodeing ill's illuſive ſhade,
Reflected form of fear;
Be thine to haunt ſuſpicion's road,
Or lurk in Treaſon's dark abode,
In dens and dungeons drear.

What means this ſadly heaving ſigh?
This riſing flood that fills my eye,
With unreſiſted force?
Ah me! more changing than the wind,
'Tis Clelia, cruelly unkind,
That opes th' effuſive ſource!

Yet ceaſe, Eliza, to complain,
Thy wonted fortitude retain,
Tho' friends inconſtant prove;
Heaven—diſcontented with a part,
Now claims thy alienated heart,
And long divided love.

Thus mourns the Mariner the ſtores,
That glow'd ere while on India's ſhores,
When raging winds ariſe;
And ſwiftly to the foaming tide,
Conſigns each glittering badge of pride,
T'appeaſe th' avenging ſkies.

TO

MR. FORDYCE,

On his SERMONS to

YOUNG WOMEN.

EXALTED preacher, moraliſt refin'd,
Boaſt of thy age, and glory of thy kind;
Accept, while crouds, applauding, round thee ſtand,
This little tribute, from a female hand;
Happy alone, by Nature taught, not art,
In that it moves obedient to the heart;
Let other pens, dipt in Caſtalia's wave,
High-vaunting flouriſh what the Muſes rave;
Be't mine in truth-wrought drapery to paint,
Thee Guardian, Tutor, Orator and Saint.

Wisdom, long bound in ſyſtematic chains,
To ſtalk the gloom where Melancholy reigns;
Aſſum'd, when haply uſher'd into light,
A mien forbidding to the youthful ſight;
'Till, arm'd with genius, and ſuperior worth,
Fordyce, array'd in eloquence, came forth;
Flying, impatient to aſſert her cauſe,
Regain her freedom, and diffuſe her laws;
Inſtil her precepts in the female ear,
And make her paths more pleaſingly appear.

'Tis done—ſee! ſee! what crowds perſuaſion charms!
How throng they all enraptur'd to her arms! —
Youth, Beauty, Age, Sex, Station jointly move,
With eager haſte the Preacher to approve;
Applaud the page fraught with fraternal fire,
Wit, Freedom, Force;—his ſentiments admire;
Who, not to Sect, or partial views confin'd,
In one wide wiſh embraces human kind;
Yet, juſtly jealous of the Chriſtian's right,
He not relies on Nature's feeble light;
But, ever mindful of the preference due,
Cloſely adheres to Revelation's clue;

Nor

Nor hence alone, O much revered name!
Flows thy pretenſions to unfading Fame;
Zeal, for the intereſt of a giddy Sex,
Whom Folly ſways, and Vanities perplex;
To lateſt periods, ſhall extend thy praiſe,
And round thy tomb, a grateful odour, raiſe.

Thrice happy days!—beyond deſcription ſo,
When chaſter loves in manly boſoms glow;
When matrons ply the diſtaff, and the loom,
And ancient maids not murmur at their doom;
When female Virtue is no more a jeſt,
But every Fair, in thy inſtructions, bleſt;
With charms, internal eminently ſhines,
Nor founds her glory on the flaming mines;
Deeming no gem ſo precious as to vie,
With thoſe that ſhine in the all-ſeeing eye.

TO A

LADY,

With a Lock of the

AUTHOR's HAIR,

Which ſhe deſired at parting, to be encloſed in a Chryſtal Heart.

A LOCK of hair, ſaid Laura ſend,
Within this heart to ſet;
Elſe that Eliza was my friend,
Full ſoon I ſhall forget.

The lock of hair, ſweet Laura, ſee,
Attends in ſober ſtate;
Well pleas'd to be approv'd by thee,
Yet fearful of its fate.

For,

For, oh! when Cupid, archer keen,
To thee directs his dart;
No longer muſt this Lock be ſeen,
Inhabiting thy heart.

Love, tyrant Love, like Wit wou'd ſtand,
Superior, and alone;
Admitting, jealous of command,
No rival near his throne.

But while in freedom from his pow'r,
We indolently live;
To cheriſh Friendſhip, faireſt flow'r,
Let's every moment give.

So ſhall not Love, nor Friendſhip frown,
At undermining arts;
While both by turns enjoy the crown,
And lord it o'er our hearts.

ON A

BOWL

OF

PUNCH.

WHILST I ſat penſive in my elbow chair,
Four Nymphs appear'd, O how divinely fair!
Unda came firſt, in water-colours gay,
Brandyſia next as bright as Phœbus' ray;
In a ſtraw-gown then came Limonia keen,
And Sacchariſſa ſweet, was near her ſeen;
Thus to divert my melancholy ſtrain,
Me all at once agreed to entertain;
And to relieve my grief-oppreſſed ſoul,
To mix their different Quota's in a Bowl.

FIRST *Unda* added to the Bowl her ſhare,
Water, as chryſtal clear, her hands as fair;
Brandyſia, next her ſpirits did impart,
To give a warmth and fill-up to the heart;
Nor did Limonia make the drink too keen,
For Sacchariſſa, ſweetly ſtept between.

WHILST faireſt Unda pour the limpid ſtream,
And briſk Brandyſia warms the vital frame;
Whilſt *Sacchariſſa*, and *Limonia* meet,
To form that grateful Contraſt, ſour—ſweet,
And all together make the Bowl complete;
I'll drink no longer anxious of my fate,
Nor the *poor* Rich will envy, nor the *little* Great.

Written extempore on ſeeing the Picture of Mrs. P. of I———.

SEE, in that form, what fair perfection glows;
The Lilly blended with the bluſhing Roſe.
But ah! how vain the Artiſt's power that tries,
To imitate the luſtre of her eyes;
Or where's the Limner that can e'er expreſs,
The blooming Virtues which her mind poſſeſs?
Impoſſible—e'en words themſelves are weak,
Fair Ph——ps's accompliſhments to ſpeak.

THEO-

THEODORE AND LEONTINE.

ONCE, with fair Fortune's richeſt gifts endow'd,
Liv'd Theodore, the Pride of Tempe's plain;
Whoſe bounteous heart with liberal hand beſtow'd,
And chear'd chill penury, and ſoften'd pain.

Was there whom griping Poverty oppreſt?
From Theodore they ever found relief;
'Twas pain, 'twas anguiſh, to his gen'rous breaſt,
To hear and not to ſtill the voice of grief.

Bleſt

Bleſt with a Partner of unequall'd worth,
Admiring ſwains extol their Virtues rare;
He a kind pitying Angel ſent on earth,
Emilia, beauteous, blooming, good and fair.

Thus they in Life's fair ſpring their minutes paſt,
That power adoring, who ſuch bleſſings ſent;
When ah! not long their happineſs muſt laſt,
Heaven now demands the bliſs it only lent.

The flames deſtructive force in one ſhort night,
Enkindled by the lightning's livid glare;
Reduc'd them by the morn's returning light,
To poverty extreme, and ſad deſpair.

Tho' gracious Providence, indulgent power!
Stretch'd forth its hand their little one's to ſave;
And led them all ſafe at the midnight hour,
From the dark path that leads unto the grave.

His hapleſs Fortune Theodore bemoan'd,
And thought, preſumptuous man! e'en Heaven unjuſt;
Who ſhou'd with prayers its vengeance have aton'd,
And unrepining humbled in the duſt.

Thus, thus, reduc'd he caſt his eyes around,
To thoſe whom in his happier hours he fed;
But oh! moſt poignant ſting, no friends were found,
All with his fair Proſperity were fled.

Emilia ſtill with gentle patience tries,
From her lov'd Lord her ſufferings to conceal;
Kiſſes the tears that trickle from his eyes,
And bids him let ſweet Hope his boſom ſteel.

But O, when dire misfortunes rack the mind,
Reaſoning is uſeleſs—arguments are poor;
No comfort in Philoſophy we find,
Tho' we its deepeſt moral page explore.

Awhile

Awhile to bear his fate he faintly ſtrove,
But ah! his feeling ſoul cou'd not ſuſtain;
In his ſad fate to ſee involv'd his Love,
And hear his ſmiling babes, unhelp'd complain.

'Twas night, no moon appear'd, dim ſhone the ſtars,
When Theodore a neighb'ring torrent ſought;
To put an end at once to all his cares,
His mind with fatal reſolution fraught.

The place he now approach'd, when lo! a light
From an adjacent grotto ſeem'd to come;
Old Leontine, the hermit ſtruck his ſight,
And made him for awhile defer his doom.

He nearer drew, and "ſay my ſon, he cries,
"Why at this ſilent hour when all is calm;
"Thou ſeek'ſt this gloom, and to thy health
"denies,
"Sleeps ſweet refreſhment, Life's moſt need-
ful balm?"

Briefly

Briefly does Theodore his woes relate,
His ſufferings, far too great for him to bear;
" Hither I come, he cried, to meet my fate,
" Hither I come impell'd by deep deſpair.

" And ſure not Heaven itſelf can diſallow,
" Or Nature ſtartle backward at the deed;
" If 'tis a crime, Misfortune ſtrikes the blow!
" And may in its defence moſt loudly plead."

Thus Leontine, " miſtaken mortal ceaſe,
" Nor dare thy impious purpoſe to defend;
" If thou would'ſt wiſh thy ſoul ſhou'd e'er
" know peace,
" Or to eternal happineſs pretend.

" Think'ſt thou th' Almighty (boundleſs tho'
" his grace)
" Will not hurl ſure perdition on his head;
" Who dares unſummon'd meet his Maker's face,
" And to his aweful preſence ruſh unbid.

" What-

" Whate'er thy lot in Life, yet this, believe
" God ever was, and ever will be juſt;
" Will in his own good time the woes relieve,
" Of thoſe who in his hands repoſe their truſt.

" By me high Heaven its pleaſure doth declare,
" And means its juſtice infinite to ſhew;
" That virtue in diſtreſs, is ſtill its care;
" And Happineſs from Miſery may flow.

" Deep in the centre of yon cave profound,
" As late, by contemplation led, I ſtray'd;
" For ages paſt beneath the mouldering ground,
" Treaſure conceal'd, inſcriptive marks be-
" tray'd.

" To me tho' void of uſe the ſhining ore,
" I ſearch'd and found, which I to thee reſign,
" Receive it there, and Providence adore,
" And own the goodneſs of the power divine."

With grateful Heart, the Youth his thanks expreſt,
Then to Emilia flew, the News to tell;
Wealth crown'd their future days, and oft they bleſt,
The good old Hermit in the moſs-grown cell.

ON

ON

MR. POWELL's

Appearing in the Character of

MACBETH.

WITH that fine feeling which ne'er fails to move
Pity's ſoft pangs, or melt the heart with love;
Long time had Powell charm'd th' applauding Town,
And worn the blooming garland of Renown;
The wreath the Tragic Muſe delighted wove,
From palms which circle th' Aonian grove:
Laurels the conquering hero's brows adorn,
By ſighing ſwains the fragrant Myrtle's worn;
The palm of praiſe alone the Nine allow,
To grace the Poet, and the Actor's brow;

What were her thoughts when Macbeth ſhe beheld,
What joy! what tranſport! in her boſom thrill'd;
When Shakeſpear's ſelf hover'd around his head,
And on his ſon th' inſpiring influence ſhed;
Taught him ſo well the pangs of guilt to ſhew,
And all thoſe ills that from ambition flow;
Pleas'd ſhe beheld, and ratify'd her choice,
Confirm'd and ecchoed by the public voice;
Which now proclaims th' amazing power is thine,
O Powell in each character to ſhine.

THE

EXCURSION.

TIR'D of the noiſe, and buſtle of the Town,
To rural ſcenes I gladly haſten down;
Except a few-lov'd friends I'm forc'd to quit,
London I leave without the leaſt regret;
Leave plodding Cits to hanker after Wealth,
For gold to barter Happineſs and Health;
Leave Politicians to perplex their brains,
Leave well paid Bards to ſcribble venal ſtrains;
To prove in Reaſon's Laws, Religion's ſpite,
That right is wrong, and wrong itſelf is right;
Leave Rakes to breathe dear Covent Garden air,
Nor envy all the pleaſures they can ſhare;
While I the country's calm delight enjoy,
Whoſe charms to ſing is now my ſweet employ.

AURORA doth the gates of morn unfold,
And yon high ſpire is tipp'd with burniſh'd gold;
Each bluſhing roſe with fragrant dew now teems,
And courts with op'ning leaves the ſun's bright beams;
O'er verdant meads, by bubbling brooks I ſtray,
Attentive to each warbler's tuneful lay;
Who with united voice all gladly ſing,
To uſher in the wiſh'd approach of Spring;
Behold ſhe comes, ſee onward as ſhe treads,
Ten thouſand flowers raiſe their blooming heads;
While from Arabia's aromatic vale,
Zephyrs come riding on the ſpicy gale;
From various ſhrubs collects their various ſcents,
Diffuſing breezes grateful to the ſenſe;
As o'er the furrow'd field ſhe tripping goes,
On every ſide fair Plenty's gifts ſhe ſtrews;
Drops fatneſs on the land, and from her horn,
Scatters with lib'ral hand the yellow corn.

HERE in ſucceſſive order pleaſures reign,
Diverſions pure, the pleaſures of the plain;
Which

Which if by Temp'rance guided we purſue,
Spreads o'er the ruddy cheek, Health's roſy hue;
With the ſhrill Lark to riſe, and wake the morn,
From her ſweet ſlumbers with the chearful horn;
On the high mettled Courſer, void of fear,
O'er hedge and ditch purſue the tim'rous hare;
Follow with winged ſpeed the fleet ſtaunch hounds,
O'er hills and dales uncheck'd by lofty bounds.

NOR this the only ſport the fields afford,
With the plump partridge, and the pheaſant ſtor'd;
The markſman here his ſkill in ſhooting tries,
While with the well-aim'd ſhot the victim dies;
Or with the line and well-diſſembled bait,
Enſnare the finny tribe to meet their fate.

THE honeſt farmer here with artleſs joy,
Surveys the glebe, well-pleas'd with his employ;
Content and happy midſt theſe rural ſcenes,
He does not know what 'tis ambition means;
But in his faithful Mate and Children's ſmile,
Finds grateful recompence for all his toil.

WHEN

WHEN all the labours of the day are done,
And to fair Thetis' boſom ſinks the ſun;
Aſſembled on the green the Nymphs and Swains,
Mix in the dance, or join the jocund ſtrains;
Thus chearfully they ſport, nor end they ſoon,
But act their gambols by the light of moon;
When Winter comes, around the fire they ſit,
And drink or ſing, or ſmoke, and freely chat;
The tedious hours thus innocently kill,
Happy, tho' unacquainted with *Quadrille*.

AND here the Muſe her breaſt with friendſhip fraught,
Stops ſhort awhile t'indulge a pleaſing thought;
Begs leave her friendly wiſhes to impart,
And ſpeak the language flowing from her heart.

MAY you, O C****, and your lov'd partner ſhare,
Pleaſures uninterrupted by dull care;
May all your minutes wing'd with rapture fly,
And every year produce increaſing joy;
In your ſweet offſpring may you both be bleſt,
And late in Life before you ſink to reſt.

HERE

HERE laying down my pen awhile t' reflect,
Another blooming pair I recollect;
The virtues which in A********** are found,
No leſs deſerve to be with bleſſings crown'd;
Them may kind heaven with gracious ſmiles regard,
And worth like theirs moſt bounteouſly reward;
With you, O Delia, in a rural cot,
Contented I cou'd live and bleſs my lot;
Repoſe my cares within your faithful arms,
Nor envy proud ambition's boaſted charms;
With pity view the turbulence of ſtate,
Nor waſte a thought on wiſhing to be great;
Thus while Old Time ſhall ſhake his ebbing glaſs,
Thro' life's fair vale we'd innocently paſs;
And when by powerful death we're call'd away,
Smile at his darts, and chearfully obey.

FINIS.

6 MA 50